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A New Version
OF THE
PSALMS
OF
DAVID,
Fitted to the TUNES
Used in CHURCHES.

BY

N. Brady, D. D. Chaplain in Ordinary, and *N. Tate*, Esq; Poet-Laureat, to His Majesty.

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Bible. Old Test. Psalms.
Tr

BRITISH MUSEUM

May *the* 23d, 1698.

HIS *Majeſty having Allowed and Permitted the Uſe of a* New Verſion of the Pſalms of *David*, by Dr. *Brady* and Mr. *Tate*, *in all* Churches, Chappels *and* Congregations; *I cannot do leſs than wiſh a good Succeſs to this* Royal Indulgence: *For I find it a Work done with ſo much* Judgment *and* Ingenuity; *that I am perſwaded, it may take off that unhappy Objection, which has hitherto lain againſt the* Singing Pſalms; *and diſpoſe that part of Divine Service to much more Devotion. And I do heartily recommend the Uſe of* this Verſion, *to all my Brethren within my Dioceſs.*

H. LONDON.

An Alphabetical TABLE, shewing where to find each Psalm by its beginning.

	Page
A.	
AGainſt all thoſe	47
As pants the Hart	8
At length by cert.	93
B.	
Behold, O God	101
Bleſs God, my Soul	131
Bleſs God, ye Serv.	176
D.	
Defend me, Lord	41
Deliver me, O Lord	75
Do thou, O God	72
F.	
For ever bleſt	185
For thee, O God	8
From loweſt depths	174
From my youth	173
G.	
Give ear thou Judge	7
God in the great	108
God is our refuge	62
Gods Temple crowns	133
H.	
Had not the Lord	171
Happy the man	57
Have mercy, Lord	68
Hear, O my People	99
He's bleſt whoſe ſins	43
He that has God	119
Hold not thy peace	109
How bleſt are they	154
How bleſt is he	9
How good and pleaſant	120
How long wilt	20
How many, Lord	10
How vaſt muſt	176
I.	
Jehovah reigns,	125
Jehovah reigns	127
I'll celebrate thy	40
In deep diſtreſs	169
In Judah the	97
In thee I put	89
In vain, O man	69
Judge me, O Lord	37
Juſt Judge of Heav'n	59
I waited meekly	55
L.	
Let all the Juſt	44
Let all the Lands	82
Let all the liſtning	65
Let David, Lord	174
Let God the God	83
Lord, hear my cry	78
Lord hear my Pray.	184
Lord, hear the voice	12
Lord, hear the voice	80
Lord, Let thy juſt	91
Lord, not to us	150
Lord, ſave me for	70
Lord, thou haſt	111
Lord, who's the happy	21
M.	
My crafty foe with	49
My God, my God	31
My Soul for help	78
My Soul inſpir'd	131
My Soul with grateful	151
N.	
No change of times	24
O.	
O all ye People	63
O come loud Anth.	123
Of mercy's never	128
O God, my gracious	79
O God my heart	144
O God of hoſts	140
O God, to whom	122
O God, who haſt	77
O God, whoſe former	145

O Israel's Shepherd 105
O Lord I am not 174
O Lord, my God 3
O Lord, my rock 39
O Lord, our fathers 59
O Lord, the Saviour 118
O Lord that art my 41
O Lord, to my 89
O thee who dwellest 171
O praise the Ld with 176
O praise the Ld. for 152
O praise the Ld. in 192
O praise the L. and 187
O praise the Lord with hymns 88
O praise the Lord with one 176
O praise ye the Lord 91
O render thanks 134
O render thanks to 137
O thou to whom all 5
O 'twas a joyfull 170

P

Praise ye the Lord 147
Preserve me, Lord, 182
Protect me from my 22

R.

Resolv'd to watch 54

S.

Save me, O God, 86
Since godly men 19
Since I have plac'd 19
Sing to the Lord 126
Sing to the Lord 124
Speak, O ye Judges 74
Sure, wicked fools 20

T.

Thee I will bless 186
The heavens declare 28
The King, O Lord 30
The Lord hath spoke 60
The Lord himself 31
The Lord, the only 64
The Lord to thy 29
The Lord unto my 147
That man is blest 148
The man is blest 173
The wicked fools 70
This spacious earth 34
Tho' wicked men 50
Thou, Lord, by 190
Thy chast'ning wrath 53
Thy dreadful anger 13
Thy Mercies Lord 115
Thy Mercy Lord 73
Through all the 45
To bless thy chosen 83
Thy presence why 174
To celebrate thy 15
To God I cry'd 89
To God in whom 35
To God our never 107
To God the mighty 178
To God with mournf 118
To God your grateful 140
To my complaint 112
To my just plea 23
To thee, my God 114
To thee, O God 96
To thee, O Lord 183
To Sion's hill 170

W.

We build with 172
When I pour out 128
When Isr'el by 149
When Sion's God 172
When we our 139
While I the King 61
Whom should I fear 37
Who place on Sion's 71
Why hast thou cast 94
With chearful notes 152
With glory clad 121
With my whole 180
With one consent 127
With restless and 9

Y

Ye boundless Realms 89
Ye Princes that 41
Ye Saints and Serv. 149

DIRECTIONS

ABOUT THE

TUNES and MEASURES.

ALL Pſalms of this Verſion in the *Common Meaſure* of Eights and Sixes; (that is, where the firſt and third lines of the ſingle Stanza conſiſt of eight Syllables each, the ſecond and fourth Lines of ſix Syllables each) may be ſung to any of the moſt uſual Tunes; *viz York*-tune, *Windſor*-tune, *St. Davids*, *Litchfield*, *Canterbury*, *Martyrs*, *Southwell*, *St. Mary's*, alias *Hackney* Tune, *&c.*

As the Old 25 Pſalm, may be ſung the New 25, 31, 67, 130.

As the Old 113. the 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 110, 113, 120.

As the Old 148. the 136, 148.

As the Old 104. the 149.

The Pſalms in this Verſion of four Lines in a ſingle Stanza, and eight Syllables in each Line (if Pſalms of Praiſe or Chearfulneſs) may properly be ſung as the Old 100 Pſal. or to the Tune of the Old 125 Pſal. Second Metre.

The Penitential, or Mournful Pſ. in the ſame Meaſure, may be ſung as the Old 51 Pſal. Which Tunes, with all the forementioned, are printed in the *Supplement* to this New Verſion.

A New

Psalm I.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
by ill advice to walk, (sits
Nor stands in Sinners ways, nor
where Men profanely talk.
2 But makes the perfect Law of God
his Business and Delight.
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.

3 Like some fair Tree which fed by Streams,
which timely Fruits does bend,
He still shall flourish, and Success
all his Designs attend.
4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts
no lasting Root shall find;
Untimely blasted and disperst,
like chaff before the Wind.

5 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb
before their Judge's Face:
No formal Hypocrite shall then
amongst the Saints have place.
6 For God approves the Just Man's ways,
to Happiness they tend:
But Sinners and the Paths they tread
shall both in Ruin end.

Psalm II.

1 WIth restless and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen storm?
Why in such rash Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
2 The great in Counsel and in Might,
their various Forces bring,
Against the Lord, they all unite,
and his anointed King.

3 Must we submit to their Commands,
presumptuously they say?
No, let us break their slavish Bands,
and cast their Chains away.
4 But God who sets enthron'd on high,
and sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring Strength defie,
and mocks their vain Design.
5 Thick Clouds of wrath divine shall break
on his rebellious Foes:

And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak
to all that dare oppoſe.
6 " Tho' madly you diſpute my Will,
" the King that I ordain,
" Whoſe Throne is fixt on *Sion*'s Hill,
ſhall there ſecurely reign.

7 Attend, O Earth whilſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd decree.
" Thou art my Son this day my Heir,
" have I begotten thee.
8 " Ask, and receive thy full Demands,
" thine ſhall the Heathen be.
" The utmoſt limits of the Lands
ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.

9 Thy threatning Scepter thou ſhalt ſhake,
and cruſh them ev'ry where,
" As mighty Bars of Iron break
" the Potters brittle Ware.
10 Learn then, ye Princes and give ear
ye Judges of the Earth,
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear,
rejoice with awful Mirth.

12 Appeaſe the Son with due reſpect,
your timely Homage pay
Leaſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
incens'd by your delay.
13 If but in part his anger riſe,
who can indure the Flame?
Then bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies
on his moſt holy Name.

Pſalm III.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
the troublers of my Peace,
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their rage increaſe.
2 Inſulting they my Soul upbraid,
and him whom I adore,
The God in whom he truſts ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence,
on thee my Hope I reply:
Thou art my Glory and ſhalt yet,
lift up my Head on high.
4 Since, whenſoe'r in like Diſtreſs
to God I make my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill,
why ſhould I now deſpair?

5 Guarded

5 Guarded by him I'll lay me down,
my ſweet Repoſe to take;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in ſafety wake.
6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes
my Courage ſhall confound
Were they as many Hoſts as Men,
that have beſet me round.
7 Ariſe, and ſave me, O my God,
who oft has own'd my Cauſe.
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me,
and to thy righteous Laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
he only can defend;
His Bleſſings he extends to all
that on his pow'r depend.

Pſalm IV.

1 O Lord, that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give ear,
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs;
have Mercy Lord, and hear.
2 How Long will ye O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame deviſe?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue,
and ſpread malicious Lyes?
3 Conſider that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar choice,
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
4 Then ſtand in awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry thing that's ill,
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.
5 The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope ſecurely fixt,
on God alone rely.
6 While worldly Minds impatient grow
more proſp'rous times to ſee;
Still let the Glories of thy Face
ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So ſhall my heart o'erflow with Joy,
more laſting and more true
Than theirs, whoſe ſtores of Corn and Wine
ſucceſſively renew.
Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Reſt;

No

No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of my Defence poſſeſt.

Pſalm V.

1 LOrd, here the Voice of my Complaint,
Accept my ſecret Pray'r;
To thee alone, my King my God,
will I for help repair.

3 Thou in the Morn my voice ſhalt hear,
and with the dawning Day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.

5 For thou the wrongs that I ſuſtain
muſt never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy ſacred dwelling-place
all evil doſt remove.

6 Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain,
unpuniſh'd in thy view:
All ſuch as act unrighteous things
thy vengeance ſhall purſue.

7 The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood,
and in Deceit imploy'd.

8 But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me
to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly thee adore.

9 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws:
for watchful is my Foe,
Therefore O Lord, make plain the way
wherein I ou ht to go.

10 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,
their Heart is ſet on Wrong;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
they flatter with their Tongue.

11 By their own Counſels let them fall
oppreſs'd with loads of Sins:
For they againſt thy righteous Laws
have harden d Rebels been.

12 But let all thoſe who truſt in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim.
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt,
and all that love thy Name.

13 To righteous Men the righteous Lord
his Bleſſing will extend.
And with his Favour, all his Saints
as with a Shield, defend.

Pſalm

Psalm VI.

1 THy dreadful Anger Lord restrain,
and spare a Wretch forlorn.
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be born.

2 Have mercy, Lord for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguish of my aking Bones,
which thou alone canst cure.

3 My torrur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,
and fills my soul with Grief,
But Lord how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief!

4 Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,
and ease my troubled Soul;
Lord for thy wondrous Mercy's sake,
vouchsafe to make me whole.

5 For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Pris'ners of the silent Grave
can magnifie thy Name.

6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint,
no hope of ease I see,
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
is spent in Tears by me.

7 My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with weakness close,
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
on my insulting Foes.

8 Depart, ye wicked in my wrongs
ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and listens to my Voice.

9, 10 He hears and grants my humble Pray'r;
and they that wish my fall,
Shall blush and rage to see that God
protects me from them all.

Psalm VII.

1 O Lord my God, since I have plac'd
my Trust alone in thee;
From all my Persecutors Rage
do thou deliver me:

2 To save me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord, interpose thy Pow'r:
Lest like a Savage Lion, he
my helpless Soul devour.

3, 4 If I am guilty or did e'er
against his Peace combine;
Nay, If I have not spar'd his life,
who sought unjustly mine;
5 Let then to persecuting Foes,
my Soul become a Prey,
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in dust my Honour lay.

6 Arise and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my defence engage,
Exalt thy self above my Foes,
and their insulting Rage:
Awake awake, in my behalf,
the judgment to dispense
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
for injur'd innocence.

7 So to thy Throne adoring Crouds
shall still for Justice fly:
O therefore for their sakes resume
thy Judgment-Seat on high
8 Impartial Judge of all the World,
I trust my Cause to thee;
According to my just Deserts,
so let thy Sentence be.

9 Let wicked Arts and wicked Men
together be o'erthrown,
But guard the Just, thou God to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects; not only me,
but all of upright heart,
And daily lays up wrath for those
who from his Laws depart.

12 If they persist he whets his Sword,
his Bow stands ready bent,
13 Ev'n now with swift destruction wing'd
his pointed Shafts are sent.
14 The Plots are fruitless which my Foe
unjustly did conceive:
15 The Pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.

16 On his own Head his spite returns;
whilst I from harm am free,
On him the Violence is fall'n,
which he design'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
of Providence proclaim,

I'll

I'll ſing the praiſe of God moſt High,
and celebrate his Name.

Pſalm VIII.

1 O Thou to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou,
how glorious is thy Name.
In Heaven thy wondrous Acts are ſung,
nor Folly reckon'd there,
2 And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant Tongue
thy boundleſs Praiſe declare.

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and cruſh their haughty Foes,
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng,
that thee and thine oppoſe.
3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
employs my wondring Sight,
The Moon that nightly rul's the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light.

4 What's Man (ſay I) that Lord, thou lov'ſt
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Off-ſpring that thou prov'ſt
to him ſo wondrous kind?
5 Him next in Pow'r thou didſt create
to thy Celeſtial Train;
6 Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.

7 They jointly own his powerful Sway,
the Beaſt that prey or graze:
8 The Birds that wings its airy way,
the Fiſh that cuts the Seas.
9 O thou to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

Pſalm IX.

1 TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
thy wondrous Works declare.
2 The Thoughts of them ſhall to my Soul
exalted Pleaſure bring,
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High,
triumphant Praiſe I ſing.

3 Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in ſhameful flight:

Struck

Struck with thy Presence down they fell,
they perish'd at thy sight.
4 Against insulting Foes advanc'd,
thou didst my Cause maintain,
My Right asserting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Justice reign.

5 The insolence of Heathen Pride
thou hast reduc'd to shame,
Their wicked Off-spring quite destroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.
6 Mistaken Foes your haughty threats
are to a Period come:
Our City stands which you design'd
to make our common Tomb.

7, 8 The Lord for ever lives who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Justice to dispence,
to punish or reward.
9 God is a constant sure Defence
against oppressing Rage;
As Troubles rise his needful Aids,
in our behalf engage.

10 All those who have his Goodness prov'd,
will in his Truth confide:
Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man
that on his help rely'd.
11 Sing Praises therefore to the Lord
from *Sion* his Abode,
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
confess no other God.

PART II.

12 When he enquiry makes for Blood,
he calls the Poor to mind.
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint
relief from him shall find.
13 Take pity on my Troubles, Lord,
which spiteful Foes create.
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft,
from Death's devouring Gate.

14 In *Sion* then I'll sing thy Praise,
to all that love thy Name:
And with loud shouts of grateful Joy
thy saving Pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the Pit they dug'd for me,
the Heathen Pride is laid
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare,
are heedlesly betray'd.

16 Thus by the juſt returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known,
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are ſhamefully o'erthrown.
17 No ſingle Sinner ſhall eſcape
by privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nation from his juſt Revenge
by Numbers be ſecur'd.

18 His ſuffering Saints, when moſt diſtreſt,
he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectation ſhall be crown'd;
though for a time delay'd.
19 Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;
Deſcend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathens Doom.

20 Strike Terror thro' the Nations round,
till by conſenting Fear;
They to each other and themſelves,
but mortal Men appear.

Pſalm X.

1 THY preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lord,
why hid'ſt thou now thy Face,
When diſmal Times of deep diſtreſs
call for thy wonted Grace?
2 The wicked ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey:
O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns
which they for others lay.

3 For ſtraight they triumph, if Succeſs
their thriving Crimes attend,
And ſordid wretches, whom God hates,
perverſely they commend.
4 To own a Pow'r above themſelves,
their haughty Pride diſdains:
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind
no thought of God remains.

5 Oppreſſive Methods they purſue,
and all their Foes they ſlight:
Becauſe thy judgments unobſerv'd
are far above their ſight.
6 They fondly think their proſp'rous State
ſhall unmoleſted be:
They think their vain deſigns ſhall thrive,
from all Misfortune free.

7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
with Curſes fill'd and Lyes:

By

By which the mischiefs of their Heart
they study to disguise.
8 Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ.
The innocent and poor at once
to rifle and destroy.

9 Not Lions couching in their Dens,
surprise their heedless Prey
With greater Cunning or express
more salvage rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmless Man,
and modest Looks they wear,
That so deceiv'd, the Poor may less
their sudden Onset fear.

PART II.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds,
He never minds the suff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppression heeds.
12 But thou O Lord, at length arise,
stretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And by the greatness of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from harm.

13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and proudly boasting say,
"Tush, God regards not what we do,
"he never will repay.
14 But sure thou seest, and all their Deeds
impartially dost try:
The Orphans therefore and the Poor
on thee for aid rely.

15 Defenceless let the wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft:
Confound O God, their dark designs,
till no remains are left.
16 Assert thy just Dominion Lord,
which shall for ever stand;
Thou who the Heathen didst expel
from this thy chosen Land.

17 Thou heard'st the humble Supplicants,
that to thy throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'st their Pray'r.
18 Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'st
the Fatherless and Poor;
That so the Tyrants of the Earth
may persecute no more.

Psalm XI.

1 SInce I have plac'd my Truſt in God,
a Refuge always nigh;
Why ſhould I like a tim'rous Bird,
to diſtant Mountains fly?
2 Behold the wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart:
Lurking in Ambuſh to deſtroy
the Man of upright Heart.

3 When once the firm aſſurance fails,
which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly
from ſuch deceitful Arts.
4 The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above:
Where he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counſels move.

5 If God, the Righteous whom he loves,
for Tryal does correct,
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors expect?
6 Snares Fire and Brimſtone on their Heads
ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cups ſhall pour.

7 The righteous Lord, will righteous Deeds
with ſignal Favour grace,
And to the upright Man diſcloſe
the brightneſs of his Face.

Psalm XII.

1 SInce godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched Times afford
one juſt and faithful Friend.
2 One neighbour now can ſcarce believe,
what th' other doth impart;
With flattering Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.

3 But Lips that with Deceit abound,
can never proſper long
God's Righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4 In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay
" our Tongues are ſure our own;

" With

4 With doubtful Words we will betray,
and be controul'd by none.

5 For God, who hears the suffering Poor,
and their Oppression knows,
Will soon arise and give them Rest,
in spite of all their Foes.
6 The Word of God shall still abide,
and void of Falshood be:
As in the Silver seven times try'd,
from drossy Mixture free.

7 The Promise of his aiding Grace
shall reach its purpos'd End
His Servants from this faithless Race
he ever shall defend.
8 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which way to fly;
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd
shall be advanc'd on high.

Psalm XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?
oh! never to return?
2 How long shall anxious thoughts, my Soul,
and Grief my Heart oppress?
How long my Enemies insult,
and I have no Redress?

3 O hear, and to my longing Eyes
restore thy wonted Light,
And suddenly or I shall sleep
in everlasting Night.
4 Restore me lest they proudly boast
'twas their own Strength o'ercame,
Permit not them that vex my Soul
to triumph in my Shame.

5 Since I have always plac'd my Trust
beneath thy Mercy's Wings,
Thy saving Health will come and then
my Heart with Joy shall spring
6 Then shall my Song with Praise inspir'd,
to thee, my God ascend:
Who to thy Servants in distress
such Bounty did'st extend.

Psalm XIV.

1 SUre, wicked Fools must needs suppose
that God is nothing but a Name,

Cor-

Corrupt and lewd their Practise grows,
no breast is warm'd with holy Flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'ns high Tow'r,
and all the Sons of Men did view,
To see if any own'd his Pow'r,
if any Truth or Justice knew.

3 But all he saw were gone aside,
all were degen'rate grown and base,
None took Religion for their Guide,
not one of all the sinful Race.
4 But can these workers of deceit
be all so dull and senseless grown?
That they, like Bread my People eat,
and God's Almighty Power disown?

5 How will they tremble then for fear,
when his just Wrath shall them o'ertake?
For to the righteous God is near,
and never will their Cause forsake.
6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expose
those Methods which the Good pursue;
Since God a Refuge is for those
whom his just Eyes with Favour view.

7 Would he in saving Pow'r employ,
to break his People's servile Band:
Then shouts of universal joy
should loudly eccho thro' the Land.

Psalm XV.

1 LOrd, who's the happy Man that may
to thy blest Courts repair?
Not Stranger-like, to visit them,
but to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry Thought and Deed
by Rules of Vertue moves,
Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak
the thing his heart disproves.

3 Who never did a Slander forge,
his neighbour's Fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false Report,
by Malice whisper'd round.
4 Who Vice in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with just neglect:
And Piety tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiously respect.

Who to his plighted Vows and Trust
has ever firmly stood:
And tho' he promise to his Loss,
he makes his promise good.

5 Whose

5 Whose Soul in Usury disdains,
his Treasure to employ:
Whom no rewards can ever bride,
the Guiltless to destroy,
The Man who by his steady Course
has happiness ensur'd,
When Earth's Foundation shakes shall stand,
by Providence secur'd.

Psalm XVI.

1 PRotect me from my cruel Foes,
and shield me, Lord, from harm,
Because my Trust I still repose
on thy Almighty Arm.
2 My Soul all help but thine does slight,
all Gods but thee disown;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite
the Goodness thou hast shown.

3 But those that strictly vertuous are,
and love the thing that's right;
To favour always and prefer
shall be my chief Delight.
4 How shall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore?
Their bloody Off'rings I detest,
their very Names abhor.

5 My Lot is fall'n in that blest Land,
where God is truly known,
He fills my Cup with lib'ral hand,
'tis he supports my Throne.
6 In Nature's most delightful Scene
my happy Portion lies,
The place of my appointed Reign
all other Lands outvies.

7 Therefore my Soul shall bless the Lord
whose Precepts give me Light,
And private Counsel still afford
in Sorrow's dismal Night.
8 I strive each Action to approve
to his all-seeing Eye:
No Danger shall my Hopes remove,
because he still is nigh.

9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice,
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
wak'd by his powerful Voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I resign'd my Breath,
my Soul from Hell shall free:

Nor

Nor let thy Holy one in Death
the least Corruption see.

11 Thou shalt the Paths of Life display,
that to thy Presence lead,
Where Pleasures dwell without allay,
and joys that never fade.

Psalm XVII.

1 TO my just Plea, and sad Complaint,
Attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.

2 As in thy sight I am approv'd,
so let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing see.

3 For thou hast search'd my Heart by day,
and visited by night:
And on the strictest Tryal found
its secret Motions right.
Nor shall thy Justice, Lord alone
my Hearts designs acquit:
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue
shall no Offence commit.

4 I know what wicked Men would do,
their safety to maintain,
But me thy just and mild Commands
from bloody Paths restrain.

5 That I may still in spight of Wrongs,
my Innocence secure:
O guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footsteps sure.

6 Since heretofore, I ne'er in vain
to thee my Pray'r addrest:
O now my God incline thine Ear
to this my just Request.

7 The wonders of thy Truth and Love
in my Defence engage,
Thou, whose Right-hand preserves thy Saints
from thy Oppressors Rage.

PART II.

8,9 O keep me in thy tendrest Care,
thy shelt'ring Wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from salvage Foes,
that compass'd me about.

10 O'ergrown with Luxury, enclos'd
in their own Fat they lie:

And

10 And with a proud blaſpheming Mouth
both God and Man defie.

11 Well may they boaſt, for they have now
my Paths encompaſs'd round:
With Eyes at watch, and Bodies bow'd,
and couching on the Ground.

12 In poſture of a Lion ſet
when greedy of his Prey:
Or a young Lion when he lurks
within a covert-way.

13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their ſwelling Rage controul:
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul.

14 From worldly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge,
whoſe Portions here below,
Who fill'd with earthly Stores, deſire
no other bliſs to know.

15 Their race is num'rous that partake
their ſubſtance while they live:
Their Heirs ſurvive to whom they may
the vaſt remainder give.

16 But I in Uprightneſs thy Face
ſhall view without controul:
And waking ſhall its Image find
reflected in my Soul.

Pſalm XVIII.

1, 2 NO change of times ſhall ever ſhock
my firm affection, Lord, to thee,
For thou haſt always been my Rock,
A Fortreſs, and Defence to me.
Thou my deliv'rer art my God,
my truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
at home my Safe-guard and my Tow'r.

3 To thee I will addreſs my Pray'r,
(to whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe,)
So ſhall I by thy watchful care:
be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.

4, 5 By floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
with Seas of Sorrow compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd;
in Death's unweildy Fetters bound:

6 To Heaven I made my mournful Pray'r,
to God addreſs'd my humble moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear
and heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART

PART II.

7 When God arose my part to take,
the conscious Earth was struck with fear:
The Hills did at his presence shake,
nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
8 Thick Clouds of smoke dispers't abroad,
Ensigns of Wrath before him came:
Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
that Coals were kindled at its Flame.

9 He left the beauteous Realms of Light
whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head
Beneath his Feet substantial Night
was like a sable Carpet, spread.
10 The Chariot of the King of Kings,
which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,
with most amazing swiftness flew.

11 In Black wat'ry Mists and Clouds conspir'd,
with thickest shades his Face to veil;
But at his brightness soon retir'd,
and fell in show'rs of Fire and Hail.
12 Thro' Heav'ns wide Arch a thundring Peal
G d's angry voice did loudly roar,
While Earth's sad Face with heaps of Hail,
and flakes of Fire was cover'd o'er.

13 His sharp'ned Arrows round he threw,
which made his scatter'd Foes retreat:
Like Darts his nimble Lightnings flew,
and quickly finish'd their defeat.
15 The Deep its secret Stores disclos'd;
the World's Foundation naked lay,
By his avenging wrath expos'd,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my side engage,
from Heav'n (his Throne) my cause upheld;
And snatch'd me from the furious Rage
of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell'd.
17 God his resistless Pow'r employ'd,
my strongest Foes attempts to break:
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd
the weak Defence that I could make.

18 Their subtle Rage had near prevail'd,
when I distress'd and friendless lay:
But still when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.

19 From dangers that enclos'd me round,
he brought me forth and set me free;
For some just Cause his Goodness found,
that mov'd him to delight in me.

20 Because in me no Guilt remains,
God does his gracious help extend;
My hands are free from bloody Stains,
therefore the Lord is still my Friend.

21, 22 For I his judgments keep in sight;
in his just Paths I always trod,
I never did his Statutes slight,
nor loosly wander'd from my God.

23, 24 But still, my Soul, sincere and pure,
did ev'n from darling Sins refrain,
His Favours therefore yet endure,
because my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
to various Paths of human kind,
They who for Mercy merit Praise,
with thee shall wondrous Mercy find,
Thou to the Just shalt Justice shew,
the Pure thy Purity shall see,
Such as perversly choose to go,
shall meet with due returns from thee.

27, 28 That he the humble Soul will save,
and crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the Lord an Instance gave,
whose Darkness he has turn'd to Light;

29 On his firm Succour I reply'd,
and did o'er numerous Foes prevail:
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side,
the best defended Walls to scale.

30 For God's Designs shall still succeed,
his Word will bear the utmost Test:
He's a strong Shield to all that need,
and on his sure protection rest.

31 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
but God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who except the mighty Lord,
can with resistless Pow'r defend?

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
and all my just designs fulfills,
Through him my Feet can swiftly run,
and nimbly climb the steepest Hills.

34 Lessons

34 Lessons of War from him I take,
and manly Weapons learn to weild:
Strong Bows of Steal with ease I break,
forc'd by my stronger Arm to yield.

35 The Buckler of his saving Health
protects me from assaulting Foes:
His hands sustains me still, my wealth
and greatness from his Bounty flows.

36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad,
till then to narrow Paths confin'd:
And, when in slipp'ry ways I trod,
the method of my Steps design'd.

37 Through him I num'rous Hosts defeat,
and flying Squadrons captive take:
Nor from my fierce pursuits retreat,
till I a final Conquest make.

38 Cover'd with Wounds in vain they try
their vanquish'd Heads again to rear,
Spight of their boasted strength they lie
beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

39 God, when fresh Armies take the Field,
recruits my strength, my courage warms,
He makes my strong Opposers yield,
subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.

40 Through him the Necks of prostrate Foes,
my conqu'ring Feet in triumph press,
Aided by him I root out those
who hate and envy my success.

41 With loud complaints all Friends they try'd;
but none was able to defend;
At length to God for help they cry'd,
but God would no assistance lend.

42 Like flying Dust which Winds pursue,
their broken Troops I scatter'd round:
Their slaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
like loathsome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43 Our factious Tribes at strife till now,
by God's appointment me obey,
The Heathen to my Scepter bow,
and foreign Nations own my Sway.

44 Remotest Realms their Homage send,
when my successful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Command attend,
charm'd with respect, or aw'd with fear.

45 All to my Summons tamely yield,
or soon in battle are dismay'd.

For stronger holds they quit the Field,
and still in strongest hold afraid.
46 Let the Eternal Lord be prais'd,
the Rock on whose defence I rest;
To highest Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
who me with his Salvation bless'd.

47 'Tis God that still supports my Right,
his just Revenge my Foes pursues,
'Tis he that with resistless Might,
fierce Nations to my Yoke subdues.
48 My universal safe-guard He,
from my lasting Honours flow,
He made me great, and set me free,
from my remorseless bloody Foe.

49 Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raise,
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
shall thus be taught to sing his Praise:
50 "God to his King Deliv'rance sends,
"shews his anointed signal Grace,
"His mercy evermore extends,
"To *David* and his promis'd Race.

Psalm XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill,
The Firmament and Stars express
their great Creator's Skill.
2 The dawn of each returning Day,
fresh beams of Knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of Night
divine Instructions springs.

3 Their powerful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd,
'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood
alike by all Mankind.
4 Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense
Through Earth's extent display,
Whose bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.

5 No Bridegroom on his Nuptial-day,
has such a chearful Face,
No Giant doth like him rejoice,
to run his glorious Race.
6 From East to West from West to East,
his restless Course he goes,
And through his Progress chearful Light,
and vital warmth bestows.

PART

PART II.

7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from falſe Deſires,
With ſacred Wiſdom his ſure word
the ignorant inſpires.
8 The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere Delight:
His pure Commands in ſearching of Truth,
aſſiſt the feebleſt ſight.

9 His perfect Worſhip here is fix'd,
on ſure Foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Juſtice weigh'd.
10 Of more eſteem than golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill:
More ſweet than Honey or the drops
that from the Comb diſtill.

11 My truſty Counſellors they are,
and friendly warnings give:
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe
who by thy Precepts live.
12 But what frail Man obſerves how oft
he does from Virtue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
thou God that know'ſt them all.

13 Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord,
dominion have o'er me:
That, by thy Grace preſerv'd I may,
the great Tranſgreſſion flee.
14 So ſhall my Prayer and Praiſes be,
with thy acceptance bleſt:
And I ſecure on thy Defence
my ſtrength and Saviour reſt.

Pſalm XX.

1 THE Lord to thy Requeſt attend,
and hear thee in diſtreſs:
The name of *Jacob's* God defend,
and grant thy Arms ſucceſs.
2 To aid thee from on high repair,
and ſtrength from *Sion* give:
3 Remember all thy Offerings there:
thy Sacrifice receive.

4 To compaſs thy own Heart's deſire,
thy Counſels ſtill direct:
Make kindly all Events conſpire
to bring them to effect.

5 To thy Salvation, Lord, for aid
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name display,
" the Lord accept thy Pray'r.

6 Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
our Sovereign will defend.
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.

7 Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd,
on Chariots ſome rely:
Againſt them all we call to mind
the Pow'r of God moſt High.

8 But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
behold them through the Plain,
Diſorder'd broke and trampled down,
whilſt firm our Troops remain:

9 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed
our rightful Cauſe to bleſs:
Hear King of Heav'n in times of need,
the Prayers that we addreſs.

Pſalm XXI.

1 THE King O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice:
With thy Salvation crown'd ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.

2 For thou whate'er his Lips requeſt,
not only doſt impart:
But haſt with thy Acceptance bleſt
the wiſhes of his Heart.

3 Thy goodneſs and thy tender Care
have all his Hopes out-gone:
A Crown of Gold thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſet'ſt it firmly on.

4 He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord,
did'ſt to his Pray'r attend:
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.

5 Thy ſure defence through Nations round
has ſpread his glorious Name:
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.

6 Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and makes his Joys encreaſe,
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt
the brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7 Becauſe the King on God alone
for timely Aid relies:

His.

His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his wants ſupplies.
8 But righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy dreadful Hand:
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.

9 When thou againſt them doſt engage
thy juſt, but dreadful Doom,
Shall like a glowing Oven's rage,
their hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruin end:
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.

11 For all their Thoughts were ſet on ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent:
But thou with watchful care didſt ſtill
the ill effects prevent.
12 While they their ſwift Retreat ſhall make,
to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might,
Thy ſwifter Arrows ſhall o'ertake,
and gaul them in their Flight.

13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous Strength diſ-
and thus exalt thy Fame: (cloſe
While we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe
to thy Almighty Name.

Pſalm XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me,
When I with anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from thy loud Complaint?
2 All day, but all the day unheard,
to thee I do complain.
With Cries implore relief all night,
but cry all night in vain.

3 Yet thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
of Innocence oppreſs'd,
And therefore *Iſrael*'s Praiſes are
of right to thee addreſs'd.
4, 5 On thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found:
With pious Confidence they pray'd
and with Succeſs were crown'd.

6 But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of humane Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.

7 With laughter all the gazing Crowd
my Agonies survey:
They shoot the Lip, they shake the Head,
and thus deriding say,
8 " In God he trusted, boasting oft,
" that he was Heav'ns Delight:
" Let God come down to save him now,
" and on his Favourite.

PART II.

9 Thou mad'st my teeming Mother's Womb
a living Offspring bear:
When but a Suckling at the Breast,
I was thy early Care.
10 Thou, Guardian like, didst shield from wrongs
my helpless Infant-days,
And since hast been my God and Guide,
through Life's bewilder'd ways.

11 Withdraw not then so far from me,
when trouble is so nigh
O send me help! thy help on which
I only can rely.
12 High pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
from *Basan's* Forest met:
With strength proportion'd to their rage,
have we around beset.

13 They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth
a yawning Grave appears,
The Desart Lion's savage Roar
less dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My Blood like Waters spill'd my Joints
are rack'd and out of frame;
My Heart dissolves within my Breast,
like wax before the Flame.
15 My strength like Potter's Earth is parch'd,
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
And to the silent shades of Death
my fainting Soul withdraws.

16 Like Bloodhounds to surround me, they
in pack'd Assemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffensive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmless Feet.
17 My Body's rack'd till all my Bones
distinctly may be told:
Yet such a spectacle of Woe
as Pastime they behold.

18 As

18 As Spoil, my Garments they divide,
lots for my Veſture caſt;
19 Therefore approach O Lord my Strength,
and to my ſuccour haſte.
20 From their ſharp Sword protect thou me,
(of all but life bereft!)
Nor let my Darling in the Pow'r
of cruel Dogs be left.
21 To ſave me from the Lion's Jaws,
they preſent ſuccour ſend:
As once, from goring Unicorns,
thou didſt my life defend:
22 Then to my Brethren I'll declare
the Triumphs of thy Name,
In preſence of aſſembled Saints,
thy Glory thus proclaim.
23 "Ye Worſhippers of *Jacob*'s God,
" all you of *Iſrael*'s Line,
" O praiſe the Lord, and to your praiſe
" ſincere Obedience join.
24 " He ne'er diſdain'd on low diſtreſs
" to caſt a gracious Eye:
" Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
" but heard its humble cry.

PART IV.

25 Thus in thy ſacred Courts will I
my chearful thanks expreſs.
In preſence of thy Saints perform
the Vows of my diſtreſs.
26 The meek Companion of my grief
ſhall find my Table ſpread,
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
with Joys Immortal fed.
27 Then ſhall the glad converted World,
to God their homage pay;
And ſcatter'd Nation of the Earth,
one Sov'reign Lord obey.
28 'Tis his ſupreme Prerogative
o'er Subject Kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the World,
who does the World ſuſtain.
29 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
his Bounty muſt confeſs,
The Sons of Want by him reliev'd,
their gen'rous Patron bleſs.
With humble worſhip to his Throne
they all for aid reſort:
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave,
can only them ſupport.

30, ‖ Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs Race
devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Heirs his Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim.

Pſalm XXIII.

1 THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
vouchſafe to be my Guide,
The Shepherd by whoſe conſtant Care
my wants are all ſupply'd.

2 In tender Graſs he makes me feed,
and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
refreſhing Water flows.

3 He does my wandring Soul reclaim,
and to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble Zeal to walk
in his moſt righteous ways.

4 Tho I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death;
from Fear and Danger free;
For there his ading Rod and Staff
defend and comfort me.

5 In preſence of my ſpiteful Foes
he does my Table ſpread,
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine;
with Oil anoints my Head,

6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love
through all my Life extend,
That Life to him I will devote,
and in his Temple ſpend.

Pſalm XXIV.

1 THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lords;
the Lord's her fulneſs is,
The World, and they that dwell therein;
by ſov'reign right are his.

2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas;
and his Almighty Hand
Upon inconſtant Floods has made
the ſtable Fabrick ſtand.

3 But for himſelf this Lord of all,
one choſen Seat deſign'd,
O who ſhall to that ſacred Hill
deſir'd admittance find?

4 The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are pure
whoſe Thoughts from Pride are free,
Who honeſt Poverty prefers
to gainful Perjury.

5 This, this, is he on whom the Lord,
ſhall ſhow'r his Bleſſings down.

Whom

Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe
with Righteouſneſs to crown.
6 Such is the race of Saints, by whom
the Sacred Courts are trod,
And ſuch the Proſelytes that ſeek
the Face of *Jacob's* God.
7 Erect your Head, eternal Gates,
unfold to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee he comes
with his celeſtial Train.
8 Who is the King of Glory? who?
the Lord for Strength renown'd:
In battle mighty o're h's Foes
eternal victor crown'd.
9 Erect your Heads, ye Gates unfold,
in ſtate to entertain
The King of Glory, ſee he comes
with all his ſhining Train.
10 Who is the King of Glory? who?
th Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of Glory he alone is King
who is with Glory crown'd.

Pſalm XXV.

1, 2 TO God in whom I truſt,
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to ſhame,
nor let my foes rejoyce.
3 Thoſe who on thee rely,
let not diſgrace attend
Be that the ſhameful lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.
4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
and lead me in thy way,
For thou art he that brings me help,
on thee I wait all day.
6 Thy Mercies and thy Love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as thou wert ever kind.
7 Let all my youthful Crimes
be blotted out by thee:
And for thy wond'rous goodneſs ſake,
in mercy think on me.
8 His Mercy and his Truth
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
and teaching them his ways,
9 He thoſe in Juſtice guides,
who his direction ſeeks.

And

And in his sacred Paths shall lead
the humble and the meek.
10 Through all the ways of God,
both Truth and Mercy shine:
To such as with religious hearts
to his bleſt Will incline.

PART II.

11 Since Mercy is the Grace
that moſt exalts thy Fame
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
and so advance thy Name.
12 Whoe'er with humble Fear
to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide
in all his righteous ways.
13 His quiet Soul with Peace
shall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous Race the Land,
succeſſively poſſeſt.
14 For God to all his Saints
his ſecret Will imparts,
And doth his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient hearts.
15 To him I lift my Eyes
and wait his timely Aid:
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare
which for my feet was laid.
16 O turn, and all my Griefs
in Mercy, Lord redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with woes,
and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.
17 The Sorrows of my heart
to mighty Sums increaſe,
O from this dark and diſmal State
my troubled Soul releaſe!
18 Do thou with tender Eyes
my ſad Affliction ſee;
Acquit me Lord, and from my Guilt
entirely ſet me free.
19 Conſider, Lord, my Foes,
how vaſt their numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs hate they ſhow!
20 Protect and ſet my Soul
from their fierce Malice free,
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt Truſt in Thee.
21 Let all my righteous Acts
to full Perfection riſe,

Becauſe

Because my firm and constant hope
on Thee alone relies.
22 To *Israel's* chosen Race
continue ever kind
And in the midst of all their Wants
let them thy Succour find.

Psalm XXVI.

1 JUdge me, O Lord, for I the Paths
of Righteousness have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my trust
repose on Thee, my God.
2, 3 Search thou my heart whose Innocence
will shine the more 'tis try'd:
For I have kept thy Grace in view,
and made thy Truth my Guide.
4 I never for Companions took
the Idle or Prophane:
No Hypocrite with all its Arts
could e'er my Friendship gain.
5 I hate the Busie plotting Crew,
who make distracted Times:
And shun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.
6 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart so pure:
That when thy Altar I approach,
my welcome shall secure.
7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
how thy Renown excells:
That Seat affords me most delight,
in which thy Honour dwells.
9 Pass not on me the Sinners Doom,
who murder make their Trade,
10 Who other's Right by secret Bribes,
or open Force invade.
11 But I will walk in paths of Truth,
and Innocence pursue:
Protect me therefore and to me
thy Mercies Lord, renew.
12 In spight of all assaulting Foes
I still maintain my ground:
And shall survive among thy Saints,
thy Praises to resound.

Psalm XXVII.

1 WHom should I fear, since God to me
his saving Health and Light?
Since strongly he my Life supports,
what can my Soul affright?

2 With fierce intent my Flesh to tear,
when Foes beset me round,
They stumbled and their lofty Crests,
were made to strike the ground.

3 Through him my Heart undaunted dares
with mighty Hosts to cope
Through h m in doubtful straits of War,
for good Success I hope.

4 Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire,
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,
and of his will enquire.

5 For there may I with comfort rest,
in times of deep distress;
And safe as on a Rock abide,
in that secure recess.

6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty Foes,
my lofty Head shall raise.
And I my joyful Tribute bring,
with grateful Songs of Praise.

PART II.

7 Continue Lord, to hear my Voice,
whene'er to thee I cry,
In mercy my Complaints receive,
nor my Request deny.

8 When us to seek thy glorious Face
thou kindly dost advise:
Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,
my grateful Heart relies.

9 Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
nor me in wrath reject:
My God and Saviour leave not him
thou didst so oft protect.

10 Tho' all my Friends and Kindred too
their helpless Charge forsake,
Yet thou, whose love excells them all,
wilt Care and Pity take,

11 Instruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,
my ways directly guide,
Lest envious Men who watch my Steps,
should see me tread aside.

12 Lord, disappoint my cruel Foes,
defeat their ill desire,
Whose lying Lips and bloody Hands,
against my Peace conspire.

13 I trusted that my future Life
shou'd with my Love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting Soul had sunk
with sorrow compass'd round,

14 Gods

14 God's time with patient Faith expect,
who will inspire thy Breast
With inward Strength: do thou thy part,
and leave to him the rest.

Psalm XXVIII.

1 O Lord my Rock, to thee I cry,
in Sight consume my Breath,
O answer, or I shall become,
like those that sleep in Death.

2 Regard my Supplication, Lord,
the Cries that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes and lifted Hands
before thy Mercy-Seat.

3 Let me escape the Sinners doom,
who made a Trade of ill,
And never speak the Person fair
whose Blood they mean to spill.

4 According to their Crimes extent
let Justice have its course:
Relentless be to them as they
have sinn'd without remorse.

5 Since they the works of God despise,
nor will his Grace adore,
His Wrath shall utterly destroy,
and build them up no more.

6 But I, with due Acknowledgment,
his Praises shall refound,
From whom the Cries of my Distress
a gracious Answer found.

7 My heart its Confidence repos'd
in God, my Strength and Shield;
In him I trusted, and return'd
triumphant from the Field,
As he has made my Joys compleat,
'tis Just that I should raise
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
and thus resound his Praise.

8 " His aiding Pow'r supports the Troops
" that my just Cause maintain,
" 'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,
" 'tis he secures my Reign.

9 Preserve my Chosen, and proceed
thine Heritage to bless,
With Plenty prosper them in Peace,
in Battle with Success.

Psalm

Psalm XXIX.

1 YE Princes that in might excel,
your grateful Sacrifice prepare:
God's glorious Action loudly tell,
his wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great Name fresh Altars raise,
devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his Holy Temple praise,
where he's with solemn State ador'd.

3 'Tis he that with amazing noise
the wat'ry Clouds in sunder breaks:
The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
when he from Heav'n in Thunder speaks.
4, 5 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!
with what Majestick Terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall Cedars tears,
and strews their scatter'd Branches round.

6 They and the Hills on which they grow
are sometimes hurried far away:
And leap like hinds that bounding go,
or Unicorns in youthful Play.
7, 8 When God in Thunder loudly speaks:
and scatter'd Flames of Lightning sends,
The Forest nods, the Desart quakes,
and stubborn *Kadish* lowly bends.

9 He makes the Hinds to cast their young,
and lays the Beasts dark Coverts bare;
While those that to his Courts belong
securely sing his Praises there.
10, 11 God rules the angry Floods on high,
his boundless Sway shall never cease:
His Saints with Strength he will supply,
and bless his own with constant Peace.

Psalm XXX.

1 I'll celebrate thy Praises, Lord,
who didst thy Pow'r employ.
To raise my drooping Head and check
my foes insulting joy.
2, 3 In my distress I cry'd to thee,
who kindly didst relieve.
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
my hopeless Life retrieve.

4 Thus to his Courts ye Saints of his
with Songs of Praise repair,
With me commemorate his Truth,
and providential Care,

5 His

5 His Wrath has but a Moments Reign,
his Favour no decay:
Your Night of grief is recompenc'd
with Joys returning Day.

6 But I in prosp'rous Days presum'd,
no sudden change I fear'd,
Whilst in my Sun-shine of success
no low'ring Cloud appear'd:

7 But soon I found thy Favour,
my Empire's only Trust;
For when thou hid'st thy Face, I saw
my honour laid in dust.

8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
my Error I confess'd,
And thus with supplicating Voice,
thy Mercy's Throne address'd.

9 "What Profit is there in my Blood,
"congeal'd by Death's cold Night?
"Can silent Ashes speak thy Praise,
"thy wond'rous truth recite?

10 "Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear,
"thy wonted Aid extend;
"Do thou send help, on whom alone
"I can for help depend.

11 'Tis done! Thou hast my mournful Scene
to Songs and Dances turn'd:
Invested me in Robes of State
who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
thy Praise in grateful Verse:
And as thy Favours endless are,
thy endless Praise rehearse.

Psalm XXXI.

1 DEfend me Lord from shame,
for still I trust in thee:
As just and righteous is thy Name,
from Danger set me free.

2 Bow down thy gracious Ear,
and speedy succour send;
Do thou my stedfast Rock appear,
to shelter and defend.

3 Since thou, when foes oppress,
my Rock and Fortress are
To guide me forth from this Distress,
thy wonted help impart.

4 Release me from the Snare
which they have closely laid;
Since I O God my Strength, repair
to Thee alone for Aid.

5 To

5 To thee, the God of Truth,
my Life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my Youth,)
I willingly resign.
6 All vain Designs I hate,
of those that trust in Lyes,
And still my Soul in ev'ry state,
to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

7 Those Mercies thou hast shown
I'll chearfully express,
For thou hast seen my Straits, and known,
my Soul in deep distress.
8 When *Keilah*'s treach'rous Race
did all my Strength enclose,
Thou gav'st my Feet a larger space
to shun my watchful Foes.

9 Thy Mercy, Lord display,
and hear my Just complaint,
For both my Soul and Flesh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.
10 Sad thoughts my Life oppress,
my Years are spent in Groans,
My Sins have made my Strength decrease,
and even consum'd my Bones.

11 My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd,
my Neighbours did upbraid,
My Friends at sight of me were shock'd,
and fled as men dismaid.
12 Forsook by all am I,
as dead and out of mind,
And like a shatter'd Vessel lie,
whose parts can ne'er be joined.

13 Yet sland'ring words they speak,
and seem my Power to dread,
Whilst they together Counsel take
my guiltless Blood to shed.
14 Yet still my stedfast Trust,
I on thy help repose:
That thou my God art good and just,
my Soul with Comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er Events betide,
thy Wisdom times them all:
Then, Lord, thy Servant safely hide
from those that seek his fall.
16 The brightness of thy Face
to me, O Lord, disclose:

And

And as thy Mercies ſtill increaſe,
preſerve me from my Foes.

17 Me from Diſhonour ſave
who ſtill have call'd on thee:
Let that and Silence in the Grave
the Sinner's portion be.

18 Do thou their Tongues reſtrain,
whoſe Breath in Lyes is ſpent:
Who falſe Reports with proud diſdain
againſt the Righteous vent.

19 How great thy Mercies are,
to ſuch as fear thy Name!
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
doſt to the World proclaim.

20 Thou keep'ſt them in thy ſight,
from proud Oppreſſors free:
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,
they are preſerv'd by thee.

21 With Glory and Renown
God's Name be ever bleſs'd:
Whoſe Love in *Keilah*'s well fenc'd Town
was wond'rouſly expreſs'd.
I ſaid in haſty flight,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes.
Yet ſtill thou keep'ſt me in thy ſight
and hear'ſt my earneſt Cries.

23 O all ye Saints, the Lord
with eager love purſue,
Who to the Juſt will help afford,
and give the Proud their due.

24 Ye that on God rely,
couragiouſly proceed:
For he will ſtill your Hearts ſupply
with ſtrength in time of need.

Pſalm XXXII.

1 HE's bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd
no more in Judgment to appear:
2 Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtained,
and whoſe Repentance is ſincere.

3 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore
my Bones conſum'd without relief;
All day did I with Anguiſh roar,
but no Complaints aſſwag'd my Grief.

4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
by Day and Night alike diſtreſs'd;
Till quite of vital Moiſture drained,
like Land with Summer's drought oppreſt.

5 No ſooner I my wound diſclos'd,
the Guilt that tortur'd me within.

But

But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

6 True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
who ſeek thee whilſt thou may'ſt be found,
They from the common Deluge freed,
ſhall ſee remorſeleſs Sinners drown'd.

7 Thy Favour, Lord, in all diſtreſs,
my Tow'r of Refuge I muſt own;
Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs,
and me with Songs of Triumph crown.

8 In my Inſtruction then confide,
you that would Truth's ſafe path deſcry;
Your Progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
and keep you in my watchful Eye.

9 Submit your ſelves to Wiſdom's Rule,
like Men that reaſon have attain'd
Not like the ungovern'd Horſe and Mule,
whoſe fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.

10 Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd,
the harden'd Sinner ſhall confound,
But them who in his Truth confide,
bleſſings of Mercy ſhall ſurround.

11 His Saints that have perform'd his Laws,
their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ:
Let them (as they alone have cauſe)
in grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

Pſalm XXXIII.

1 LET all the Juſt to God with Joy,
their chearful Voices raiſe,
For well the righteous it becomes
to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

2, 3 Let Harps and Pſalteries and Lutes,
in joyful Conſort meet:
And new made Songs of loud Applauſe
the Harmony compleat.

4, 5 For faithful is the Word of God,
his Works with Truth abound,
He juſtice loves, and all the Earth
is with his goodneſs crown'd.

6 By his Almighty Word at firſt
the heavenly Arch was rear'd:
And all the beauteous Hoſt of Light,
at his Command appear'd.

7 The ſwelling Floods together roll'd,
he makes in heaps to lie:
And lays as in a Store-houſe ſafe,
the wat'ry Treaſures by.

8, 9 Let Earth and all that dwell therein,
before him trembling ſtand;

For

For when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made,
'twas fix'd at his Command.

10 He when the Heathen cloſely plot,
their Counſels undermines:
His Wiſdom ineffectual makes
the Peoples raſh Deſigns.

11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
ſhall ſtand for ever ſure:
The ſettled purpoſe of his heart,
to Ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy then are they to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom he from all the World beſides
has choſen for his own!

13, 14, 15 He all the Nations of the Earth
from Heav'n his Throne ſurvey'd:
He ſaw their Works & view'd their Thoughts,
by him their Hearts were made.

16, 17 No King is ſafe by mighty Hoſts,
their Strength the Strong deceives:
No manag'd Horſe by Force or Speed,
his warlike Rider ſaves.

18, 19 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in him,
beholds with gracious Eyes:
He frees their Soul from Death, their Want
in time of dearth ſupplies.

20, 21 Our Soul on God with Patience waits,
our help and Shield is he:
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoice,
becauſe we truſt in Thee.

22 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend,
Since we, for all we want or wiſh;
on thee alone depend.

Pſalm XXXIV.

1 THro' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
my Heart and Tongue employ.

2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
till all that are diſtreſt,
From my Example Comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to reſt.

3 O magnifie the Lord with me,
with me exalt his Name;
4 When in diſtreſs to him I call'd,
he to my reſcue came.

5 Their

5 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd,
who look'd to him for Aid;
Desir'd Success in ev'ry Face,
a chearful Aid displaid.

6 " Behold (say they) behold the Man
" whom providence reliev'd:
" The Man so dangerously beset,
" so wondrously retriev'd!

7 The Hosts of God encampt around
the Dwellings of the just,
Deliv'rance he affords to all
who on his Succour trust.

8 O make but trial of his Love,
experience will decide.
How bless'd they are, and only they,
who in his Truth confide.

9 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then
have nothing else to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight,
your wants shall be his Care.

10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
and see their Needs supply'd.

PART II.

11 Approach, ye piously dispos'd,
and my Instructions hear,
I'll teach you the true Discipline
of his religious Fear.

12 Let him who length of Life desires,
and prosp'rous Days will see,

13 From sland'ring Language keep his Tongue
his Lips from falshood free.

14 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Vertue's Ways pursue,
Establish Peace where 'tis begun,
and where 'tis lost renew.

15 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the just
with favourable Eyes;
And when distress'd his gracious Ear,
is open to their Cries.

16 But turns his wrathful look on those
whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
blot out their hated Name.

17 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives,
when his relief they crave.

18 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
and contrite spirit save.

19 The

19 The Wicked oft, but still in vain,
against the Just conspire:
20 For under their Afflictions weight,
he keeps their bones entire.
21 The Wicked from their wicked Arts,
their Ruin shall derive.
While righteous Men whom they detest,
shall them and theirs survive.

31 For God preserves the Souls of those
who on his truth depend;
To them and their Posterity
his Blessings shall descend.

Psalm XXXV.

1 AGainst all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my Right;
With such as War unjustly wage,
do thou my Battles fight.
2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
upon thy Warlike Arm:
Stand up my God in my Defence,
and keep me safe from Harm.
3 Bring forth thy Spear, and stop their course,
that haste my Blood to spill;
Say to my Soul, "I am thy Health,
"and will preserve thee still.
4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er,
who my Destruction sought;
And such as did my Harm devise,
be to confusion brought.
5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind,
God's vengeful Minister of Wrath
shall follow close behind.
6 And when thro' dark and slipp'ry ways
they strive his Rage to shun
His vengeful Ministers of Wrath
shall goad them as they run.
7 Since unprovok'd by any Wrong
they hid their treach'rous Snare;
And for my harmless Soul a Pit
did causelessly prepare.
8 Surpriz'd by Mischiefs unforeseen
by their own Arts betray'd,
Their Feet shall fall into the Net,
which they for me had laid.
9 Whilst my glad Soul shall God's great Name
for this Deliv'rance bless,
And by his saving health secur'd,
a greatful Joy express.

10 My very bones, shall say, O Lord,
who can compare with thee,
Who sett'st the poor and helpless Man
from strong Oppressors free?

PART II.

11 False Witnesses with forg'd Complaints,
against my Truth combin'd;
And to my charge such things they laid,
as I had ne'er design'd.

12 The Good which I to them had done,
with evil they repaid,
And did by Malice undeserv'd,
my harmless Life invade.

13 But as for me, when they were sick,
I still in Sackcloth mourn'd:
I pray'd and fasted and my pray'r
to my own Breast return'd.

14 Had they my Friends or Brethren been,
I could have done no more,
Nor with more decent signs of Grief,
a Mother's Loss deplore.

15 How different did their Carriage prove
in times of my distress;
When they in Crowds together met,
did savage Joy express.
The Rabble too in mighty Throngs,
by their Example came,
And ceas'd not with reviling Words,
to wound my spotless Fame.

16 Scoffers that noble Tables haunt,
and earn their Bread with Lyes;
Did gnash their Teeth, and sland'ring Jests
maliciously devise.

17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
on my behalf appear,
And save my guiltless Soul, which they
like rav'ning Beasts would tear.

PART III.

18 So I before the list'ning World,
shall grateful Thanks express,
And where the great Assembly meets,
thy Name with Praises bless.

19 Lord suffer not my causeless Foes,
who me unjustly hate;
With open Joy or secrets Signs,
to mock my sad Estate.

20 For they, with Hearts averse from Peace
industriously devise,

Against

Against the Men of quiet Minds,
to forge malicious Lyes.
21 Nor with these private Arts content
aloud they vent their Spite;
And say, "At last we found him out,
"he did it in our sight.
22 But thou who dost both them and me
with righteous Eyes survey;
Assert my Innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.
23 Stir up thy self in my behalf:
to Judgment, Lord, awake,
Thy righteous Servant's Cause, O God,
to thy Decision take.
24 Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
let me thy Justice find:
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
the Triumph they design'd.
25 O let them not amongst themselves,
in boasting Language say,
"At length our wishes are compleat,
at last he's made our Prey.
26 Let such as in my Harm rejoic'd,
For shame their Faces hide:
And foul Dishonour wait on those
that proudly me defy'd.
27 Whilst they with chearful Voices shout,
who my just cause befriend,
And bless the Lord, who loves to make
Success his Saints attend.
28 So shall my Tongue thy Judgments sing,
inspir'd with grateful Joy,
And chearful Hymns in Praise of thee,
shall all my days employ.

Psalm XXXVI.

1 MY crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art
his wicked purpose would disguise,
But reason whispers to my Heart,
he ne'er sets God before his Eyes.
2 He sooths himself, retir'd from sight,
secure he thinks his treach'rous Game
Till his dark Plots expos'd to Light,
their false Contriver brand with shame.
3 In Deeds he is my Foe confess'd,
whilst with his Tongue he speaks me fair,
True Wisdom's banish'd from his Breast,
and Vice his sole Dominion there.
4 His wakeful Malice spends the Night,
in forging his accurst Designs,

His obſtinate ungen'rous Spite,
no execrable means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy Mercy my ſure Hope,
above the heav'nly Orbs aſcends
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope
beyond the ſpreading Sky extends,
6 Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains,
unfathom'd depths thy judgments are:
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains,
the whole Creation is thy Care.

7 Since of thy Goodneſs all partake,
with what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
and Saints to thy Protection truſt?
8 Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
to banquet on thy Love's Repaſt,
And drink as from a Fountain's head,
of Joys that ſhall for ever laſt.

9 With thee the Springs of Life remain,
thy Preſence is external Day:
10 O! let thy Saints, thy Favour gain
to upright hearts thy Truth diſplay.
11 Whilſt Pride's inſulting Foot would ſpurn,
and wicked Hand my Life ſurprize:
12 Their Miſchiefs on themſelves returns
down, down they're fall'n no more to riſe.

Pſalm XXXVII.

1 THo' wicked Men grow Rich or Great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State,
Thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe:
2 For they cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flow'rs away ſhall paſs,
Whoſe bloomy Beauty ſoon decays.

3 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay,
Secure from Danger, and from want:
4 Make his commands thy chief Delight,
And he thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.

5 In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he will needful Help afford
To perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign:
6 And make, like Light ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.

7 With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend,

Nor

Nor let thy Anger fondly riſe:
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciouſly deviſe.

8 From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake,
Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make
Thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crimes:
9 For God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy,
While only they the Land enjoy
Who truſt on him, and wait his times.

10 How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay?
Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
Nor by the ſtricteſt ſearch be found:
11 Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Rejoicing ſtill with godly Mirth,
With Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12 While ſinful Crowds with falſe Deſign,
Againſt the righteous Few combine,
And gnaſh their Teeth and threatning ſtand;
13 God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride:
He ſees their Ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the Sword and bend the Bow,
The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And Men of upright Lives to ſlay:
15 But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharpen'd Weapons mortal Stroke
Thro' their own Hearts ſhall force its way.

16 A little with God's Favour bleſt,
And by one righteous Man poſſeſt,
The Wealth of many bad excels:
17 For God ſupports the juſt Man's Cauſe,
But as for thoſe that break his Laws,
Their unſucceſsful Pow'r he quells.

18 His conſtant Care the upright guides,
And over all their Life preſides,
Their portion ſhall for ever laſt:
19 They, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and e'en in Dearth,
The happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.

20 Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe
Who proudly dare God's Will oppoſe,
Deſtruction is their hapleſs Share:
Like Fat of Lambs their Hopes and they
Shall in an inſtant melt away,
And vaniſh into Smoke and Air.

PART III.

21 While Sinners brought to ſad Decay,
Still borrow on and never pay.
The Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give:
22 For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs.
And thoſe he curſes ſhall not live.

23 The good Man's way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright,
Of him that moves by his Command.
24 Tho' he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd,
For God upholds him with his Hand.

25 From my firſt youth till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the righteous fail'd,
Or want o'ertake his numerous Race;
26 Becauſe compaſſion fill'd his Heart
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Offſprings Wealth increaſe.

27 With Caution ſhun each wicked Deed,
In vertue's ways with Zeal proceed,
And ſo prolong your happy Days:
28 For God who Judgment loves, does ſtill,
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill,
While ſoon the wicked Race decays.

29, to 31. The upright ſhall poſſeſs the Land,
His Portion ſhall for Ages ſtand;
His Mouth with Wiſdom is ſupply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves;
Therefore his Footſteps never ſlide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful Sinner lies,
In vain the righteous to ſurpriſe,
In vain his Ruin does decree:
33 God will not him defenceleſs leave
To his Revenge expos'd, but ſave,
And when he's ſentenc'd ſet him free.

34 Wait ſtill on God, keep his Command,
And thou exalted in the Land.
Thy bleſt Poſſeſſion ne'er ſhalt quit:
The wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And at his diſmal Tragedy
Thou ſhalt a ſafe Spectator ſit.

35 The Wicked I in Power have ſeen,
And like a Bay-tree freſh and green,
That ſpreads its pleaſant Branches round:

36 But

36 But he was gone as swift as Thought:
And tho' in ev'ry place I sought,
No sign or tract of him I found.

37 Observe the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all such as upright are:
Their roughest days in Peace shall end.
38 While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred Will oppose,
A common Ruin shall attend.

39 God to the Just will Aid afford,
Their only Safeguard is the Lord,
Their Strength in time of Need is he:
40 Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely Succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

Psalm XXXVIII.

THY chast'ning Wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Tho' I deserve it all,
Nor let at once on me the Storm
of thy Displeasure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched part of me
thy Arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting weight,
I can no more sustain.

3 My Flesh is one continued Wound,
thy Wrath so fiercely glows,
Betwixt my Punishment and Guilt,
my Bones have no Repose.
4 My Sins that to a Deluge swell,
my sinking Head o'erflow,
And for my feeble Strength to bear
too vast a Burthen grow.

5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's just return,
6 With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd
and all Day long I mourn
7 A loath'd Disease afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry part;
8 With Sickness worn, I groan and roar,
thro' anguish of my Heart.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, before thy searching Eyes,
all my Desires appear:
And sure my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10 My Heart's oppress, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light,
11 Friends, Lovers, Kinsmen, gaze aloof
on such a dismal Sight,

12 Mean while the Foes that seek my Life,
their Snares to take me set,
Vent Slanders and contrive all Day
to forge some new Deceit.

13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard nor once reply'd:
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose (tongue
with conscious Guilt is ty'd.

15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal
my Innocence to clear,
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cause will hear.

16 "Hear me, said I, least my proud Foes
"a spiteful Joy display;
"Insulting if they see my Foot
"but once to go astray.

17 And with continual Grief oppress,
to sink I now begin:
18 To thee, O Lord I will confess,
to thee bewail my Sin.

19 But whilst I languish my proud Foes
their strength and vigour boast;
And they that hate me without Cause,
are grown a dreadful Hosts.

20 Ev'n they whom I oblig'd return
my Kindness with Despight;
And are my Enemies, because
I chuse the Path that's right.

21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
nor far from me depart,
22 Make haste to my Relief, O Thou,
who my Salvation art.

Psalm XXXIX.

1 RESolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways,
I keep my Tongue in awe;
I curb'd my hasty Words when I
the Wicked prosp'rous saw.

2 Like one that's dumb I silent stood,
and did my Tongue refrain
From good Discourse, but that Restraint
increas'd my inward Pain.

3 My Heart did glow with working Thoughts,
and no Repose cou'd take.
Till strong Reflection fann'd the Fire,
and thus at length I spake.

4 Lord let me know my Term of Days,
how soon my Life will end;
The num'rous train of Ills disclose,
which this frail State attend.

5 My

5 My Life, thou know'ſt, is but a Span,
a Cypher ſums my Years,
And ev'ry Man in beſt Eſtate,
but Vanity appears.
6 Man, like a ſhadow vainly walks,
with fruitleſs Cares oppreſs'd,
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom twill be poſſeſs'd.

7 Why then ſhou'd I on worthleſs Toys
with anxious Care attend?
On thee alone, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my Sins, nor let me ſcorn'd
by fooliſh Sinners be;
For I was dumb and murmur'd not,
becauſe 'twas done by thee.

10 The dreadful Burthen of thy Wrath,
in Mercy ſoon remove;
Leſt my frail Fleſh too weak to bear
the heavy load ſhou'd prove.
11 For when thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
thou mak'ſt his Beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he!) like Cloth
by fretting Moths decay'd.

12 Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
and liſten to my Pray'r,
Who ſojourn like a ſtranger here,
as all my Fathers were.
13 O ſpare me yet a little time,
my waſted ſtrength reſtore:
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

Pſalm XL.

1 I Waited meekly for the Lord.
till he vouchſafed a kind Reply:
Who did his gracious Ear afford,
and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
2 He took me from the diſmal Pit,
when founder'd deep in miry Clay's
On ſolid Ground he plac'd my Feet,
and ſuffer'd not my ſteps to ſtray.

3 The Wonders he for me has wrought,
ſhall fill my mouth with Songs of Praiſe,
And others to his Worſhip brought,
to hopes of like Deliv'rance raiſe.
4 For Bleſſings ſhall that Man reward,
who on th' Almighty Lord relies;

Who treats the proud with Diſregard,
and hates the Hypocrite's Diſguiſe.

5 Who can the wond'rous Works recount
which thou, O God, for us has wrought?
The Treaſures of thy Love ſurmount
the Pow'r of Numbers, Speech & Thought.
6 I've learn that thou haſt not deſir'd
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Blood of guiltleſs Beaſts requir'd,
for Man's Tranſgreſſions to atone.

7 I therefore come---come to fulfil
the Oracles thy Books impart:
8 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will;
thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9 In full Aſſemblies I have told
thy Truth and Righteouſneſs at large;
Nor did, thou know'ſt my lips with-hold
them uttering what thou gav'ſt in charge:
10 Nor kept within my breaſt confin'd
thy faithfulneſs and ſaving Grace
But preach'd thy Love for all deſign'd
that all might that and Truth embrace.

11 Then let thoſe Mercies I declar'd
to others, Lord, extent to me,
Thy loving kindneſs me Reward,
Thy Truth my ſafe Protection be.
12 For I with Troubles am diſtreſt,
too numberleſs for me to bear;
Nor leſs with loads of Guilt oppreſt,
that plunge and ſink me to deſpair.

As ſoon, alas! may I recount
the Hairs on this afflicted Head
My vanquiſht courage they ſurmount,
and fill my drooping Soul with Dread,

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my Relief draw near,
for never was more preſſing need:
In my Deliv'rance Lord appear,
and add to that Deliv'rance, Speed,
14 Confuſion on their Heads return,
who to deſtroy my Soul combine,
Let them defeated bluſh and mourn,
enſnar'd in their own vile deſign,

15 Their Doom let Deſolation be,
with ſhame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in thee,
and ſport of my Affliction made.

16 While

16 While those who humbly seek thy Face,
to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving Grace
with me resound, *The Lord be Prais'd.*

17 Thus wretched tho' I am and poor,
of me th' Almighty Lord takes care,
Thou God, who only canst restore,
to my Relief with speed repair.

Psalm XLI.

1 HAppy the man, whose tender Care
relieves the poor distrest.
When troubles compass him around,
the Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his Life with Blessings crown'd,
in safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the Will of those,
that seek to do him wrong.

3 If he in languishing Estate
oppress with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his Bed,
and inward Strength supply.

4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my Pray'r address'd;
" Lord for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
" though I have much transgress'd.

5 My cruel Foes, with slanderous Words,
attempt to wound my Fame
" When shall he die (say they) and Men
" forget his very name?

6 Suppose they formal Visits make,
'tis all but empty show,
They gather Mischief in their Hearts,
and vent it where they go.

7, 8 With private Whispers such as these,
to hurt me they devise:
" A sore Disease afflicts him now,
" he's fall'n no more to rise.

9 My own familiar Bosom-friend,
on him I most rely'd
Has me, whose daily Guest he was,
with open Scorn defy'd.

10 But thou my sad and wretched State,
in Mercy, Lord, regard;
And raise me up that all their Crimes
may meet their just Reward.

11 By this I know thy gracious Ear
is open when I call:
Because thou suffer'st not my Foes
to triumph in my Fall.

12 Thy tender Care ſecures my Life
from Danger and Diſgrace,
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill
before thy glorious Face.

13 Let therefore *Iſrael*'s Lord and God
from Age to Age be bleſs'd;
And all the People's glad Applauſe
with loud *Amens* expreſs'd.

Pſalm XLII.

1 AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams,
when heated in the Chace,
So longs my Soul, O God, for thee,
and thy refreſhing Grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirſty Soul doth pine,
O when ſhall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majeſty Divine!

3 Tears are my conſtant Food, while thus,
inſulting Foes upbraid,
"Deluded Wretch where's now thy God?
"and where his promis'd Aid?

4 I ſigh whene'er my muſing Thoughts
thoſe happy Days preſent
When I with Troops of pious Friends
thy Temple did frequent.

When I advanc'd with Songs of Praiſe,
my ſolemn Vows to pay,
And led the joyful ſacred Throng
that kept the Feſtival Day.

5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down my Soul?
truſt God who will employ
His Aid for thee, and change theſe Sighs
to thankful Hymns of joy.

6 My Soul's caſt down, O God, but thinks
on thee and *Sion* ſtill;
From *Jordan*'s Banks from *Hermon*'s Heights,
and *Miſſar*'s humbler Hill.

7 One Trouble calls another on,
and gathering o'er my Head;
Fall ſpouting down till round my Soul
a roaring Sea is ſpread.

8 But when thy Preſence Lord of Life,
has once diſpell'd this Storm,
To thee I'll midnight Anthems ſing,
and all my Vows perform.

9 God of my Strength how long ſhall I
like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forſaken and expos'd
to my Oppreſſors Scorn,

10 My

10 My Heart is pierc'd as with a Sword,
whilst thus my Foes upbraid:
" Vain Boaster, where is now thy God?
" and where his promis'd Aid?
11 Why restless, why cast down my Soul?
hope still and thou shalt sing
The Praise of him that is thy God,
thy Health's Eternal Spring.

Psalm XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n against my Foes
Do thou assert my injur'd Right:
O set me free, my God, from those
That in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2 Since thou art still my only Stay,
why leav'st thou me in deep Distress?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
whilst me insulting Foes oppress?
3 Let me with light and truth be blest,
be these my Guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy Hill I rest,
and in thy sacred Temple pray.
4 Then will I there fresh Altars raise
to God who is my only Joy,
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praise
shall all my grateful Hours employ.
5 Why then cast down, my Soul, and why
so much oppress with anxious Care?
On God, thy God for Aid rely,
who will thy ruin'd State repair.

Psalm XLIV.

1 O Lord, our Fathers oft have told
in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
and eld'r times than theirs:
2 How thou to plant them here didst drive
the Heathen from this Land:
Dispeopled by repeated Strokes
of thy avenging Hand.
3 For not their Courage nor their Sword
to them possession gave:
Nor Strength that from unequal Force
their fainting Troops could save:
But thy right Hand and powerful Arm,
whose Succour they implor'd.
Thy Presence with the chosen Race,
who thy great Name ador'd.
4 As thee their God our Fathers own'd,
Thou art our Sov'reign King:

O there-

O therefore, as thou didſt to them,
to us Deliv'rance bring.
3 Thro' thy victorious Name our Alms
the proudeſt Foe ſhall quell,
And cruſh 'em with repeated Strokes
as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither truſt my Bow nor Sword,
when I in fight engage:
7 But thee who haſt our Foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful Rage.
8 To thee th' Triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the Conqueſt came,
In God we will rejoyce all Day,
and ever bleſs his Name.

PART II.

9 But thou haſt caſt us off, and now
moſt ſhamefully we yield:
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
our Armies to the Field.
10 Since when to every upſtart Foe
we turn our Backs in Fight:
And with our ſpoil their Malice feaſt,
who bear us ancient Spite.
11 To ſlaughter doom'd we fall like Sheep
into their butch'ring Hands:
Or (what's more wretch'd yet) ſurvive
diſperſt thro' Heathen Lands.
12 Thy People thou haſt ſold for Slaves,
and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure by the ſale,
but their Diſgrace may grow.
13, 14 Reproucht by all the Nations round,
the Heathen's By-word grown,
Whoſe ſcorn of us is both in Speech,
and mocking Geſtures ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my Face
in conſcious ſhame I hide;
16 While we are ſcoff'd and God blaſphem'd
by their licentious Pride.

PART III.

17 On us this Heap of Woes is fallen,
all this we have endur'd:
Yet have not, Lord renounc'd thy Name,
or Faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy righteous Paths have kept
our Hearts and Steps with Care:
19 Tho' thou haſt broken all our Strength,
and we almoſt deſpair,

20 Could

20 Could we forgetting thy great Name,
on other God's rely.
21 And not the Searcher of all Hearts
the treach'rous Crimes descry?
22 Thou seest what Suff'rings for thy sake,
we ev'ry Day sustain!
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like Sheep
appointed to be slain.
23 Awake, arise, let seeming Sleep
no longer thee detain:
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
for ever sue in vain.
24 O wherefore hidest thou thy Face
from our afflicted state?
25 Whose Souls and Bodies sink to Earth
with Grief's oppressive Weight.
26 Arise O Lord, and timely haste
to our Deliv'rance make:
Redeem us, Lord ---if not for ours,
yet for thy Mercy's sake.

Psalm XLV.

1 WHile I the King's loud Praise rehearse
endited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.
2 How matchless is thy Form, O King,
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows:
Because fresh Blessing God on thee
eternally bestows.
3 Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince,
and clad in rich Array:
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
majestick Pomp display.
4 Ride on in state, and still protect
the Weak, the Just and True:
Whilst thy right-hand with swift Revenge
does all thy Foes pursue.
5 How sharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Pow'r despise,
Down down they fall while through their Heart
the feather'd Arrow flies.
6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure:
Thy Scepter's sway shall alway last:
by righteous Laws secures.
7 Because thy Heart, by Justice led,
did upright ways approve:
And hated still the crooked Paths
where wand'ring Sinners rove,

Where-

Wherefore did God, thy God on thee
the Oil of gladness shed;
And has above thy Fellows round
advanc'd thy lofty Head.

8 With Cassia, Aloes and Myrrh
thy Royal Robes abound,
Which from the stately wardrobe brought
spread greatful Odours round.

9 Among the honourable Train,
did Princely Virgins wait;
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,
in Golden Robes of State.

PART II.

10 But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear,
and to my Words attend;
Forget thy Native Country now,
and every former Friend.

11 So shall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor shall his Love decay,
For he is now become thy Lord,
to him due Rev'rence pay.

12 The *Tyrian* Matrons rich and proud
shall humble Presents make,
And all the wealthy Nations sue,
thy Favour to partake.

13 The King's fair Daughter's fairer Soul
all inward Graces fill,
Her raiment is of pureſt Gold,
adorn'd with costly Skill.

14 She in her Nuptial Garment dreſs'd,
with Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
shall to the King be brought.

15 With all the State of solemn Joy
the Triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court
receives the pompous Throng.

16 Thou in thy Royal Father's room,
must Princely Sons expect:
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'ſt send
to govern and protect:

17 Whilst this my Song to future times
transmit thy glorious Name:
And makes the World with one consent,
thy lasting Praise proclaim.

Psalm XLVI.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Distress.
A present help when Dangers press,
In him undaunted we'll confide;

2, 3 Tho'

2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her Center toſt,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
Torn peace-meal by the roaring Tide.

4 A gentle Stream with Gladneſs ſtill
The City of our Lord ſhall fill,
The Royal Seat of God moſt high:

5 Gods dwells in *Sion* whoſe fair Towers
Shall mock th' Aſſaults of Earthly Pow'rs,
While his Almighty Aid is nigh.

6 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd and diſpers'd their Powers.

7 The Lord of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tower of Refuge in Alarms,
Our Fathers Guardian God and ours.

8 Come ſee the Wonders he hath wrought
On earth what Deſolation brought:

9 How he has calm'd the jarring World:
He broke the warlike Spear and Bow,
With them their thundring Chariots too
Into devouring Flames where hurl'd.

10 Submit to God's Almighty Sway,
For him the Heathen ſhall obey,
And Earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs.

11 The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tower of Refuge in Alarms,
As to our Fathers in Diſtreſs.

Pſalm XLVII.

1, 2 O All ye people clap your Hands,
And with Triumphant Voices ſing,
No force the mighty Power withſtands
Of God the univerſal King.

3, 4 He ſhall oppoſing Nations quell,
and with Succeſs our Battels fight:
Shall fix the Place where we muſt dwell,
the Pride of *Jacob* his delight.

5, 6 God is gone up our Lord and King,
With Shouts of joy and trumpets Sound,
To him repeated Praiſes ſing
and let the chearful Song reſound.

7, 8 Your utmoſt Skill in Praiſe be ſhown,
For him who all the World commands,
Who ſits upon his righteous Throne,
And ſpreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.

9 Our chiefs and Tribes that far from hence
to ſerve the God of *Abra'am* came,
Found him their conſtant ſure Defence,
How great and glorious is his Name.

Pſalm

Psalm XLVIII.

1 THE Lord, the only God is great,
and greatly to be prais'd,
In *Sion* on whose happy Mount
his sacred Throne is rais'd.

2 Her Towers the joy of all the Earth,
with beauteous Prospect rise:
On her North-side, th' Almighty King's
imperial City lies.

3, 4 God in her Palaces is known,
his Presence is her Guard:
Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
and of Success despair'd

5 They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled,
with Grief and Terror struck,

6 Like Women whom the sudden Pangs
of Travail had o'ertook.

7 No wretched Crew of Mariners
appear like them forlorn.
When Fleets from *Tarshish* wealthy Coasts,
by Eastern Winds are torn.

8 In *Sion* we have seen perform'd,
a Work that was foretold
In pledge that God, for times to come,
his City will uphold.

9 Nor in our Fortresses and Walls,
did we, O God, confide.
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,
in which thou dost reside.

10 According to thy Sov'reign Name,
thy Praise through Earth extends,
Thy powerful Arms, as Justice guides,
chastises or defends.

11 Let *Sion*'s Mount with joy resound,
her Daughters all be taught
In Songs his Judgments to extol
who this Deliv'rance wrought.

12 Compass her Walls in solemn Pomp,
your Eyes quite round her cast,
Count all her Tow'rs, and see if there
you find a Stone displac'd.

13 Her Forts and Palaces survey,
observe their Order well,
That with Assurance, to your Heirs,
his Wonders you may tell.

14 This God is ours, and will be ours
whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserv'd us now;
till Death will be our Guide.

Psalm

Psalm XLIX.

1, 2 LET all the list'ning World attend,
and my Instruction hear;
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
with joint Consent give Ear.

3 My Mouth with sacred Wisdom fill'd,
shall good advice impart:
The sound Result of prudent Thoughts,
digested in my Heart.

4 To Parables of weighty Sense
I will my Ear incline,
Whilst to my tuneful Harp I sing
dark words of deep Design.

5 Why should my Courage fail in times
of Danger and of Doubt:
When Sinners that would me supplant
have compass'd me about?

6 Those Men that all their Hope and Trust
in heaps of Treasure place,
And boast and triumph when they see
their ill-got Wealth increase.

7 Are yet unable from the Grave
their dearest Friends to free.
Nor can by Force of Bribes reverse
Th' Almighty Lord's Decree.

8, 9 Their vain endeavours they must quit;
their Pride is held too high,
No Sums can purchase such a Grant,
that Man should never die.

10 Nor Wisdom can the wise exempt,
nor Fools their folly save,
But both must perish, and in Death
their Wealth to others leave.

11 For tho' they think their stately Seats
shall ne'er to Ruin fall,
But their Remembrance last in Lands,
which by their Names they call.

12 Yet shall their Fame be soon forgot,
how great soe'er their State,
With Beasts their Memory and they
shall share one common Fate.

PART II.

13 How great their Folly is who thus
absurd Conclusions make!
And yet their Children unreclaim'd,
repeat the gross Mistake

14 They all like Sheep to Slaughter led,
the Prey of Death are made,

Their

Their Beauty while the Juſt rejoyce,
within the Grave ſhall fade.

15 But God will yet redeem my Soul,
and from the greedy Grave
His greater Pow'r ſhall ſet me free,
and to himſelf receive.

16 Then fear not thou when worldly Men
in envy'd Wealth abound
Nor tho' their proſp'rous Houſe increaſe
with State and Honour crown'd.

17 For when they're ſummon'd hence by Death,
they leave all this behind:
No ſhadow of their former Pomp
within the Grave they find.

18 And yet they thought their State was bleſt,
caught in the Flatt'rer's Snare.
Who with their Vanity comply'd,
and prais'd their worldly Care.

19 In their Forefathers ſteps they tread,
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Anceſtors and they
in endleſs Darkneſs lie.

20 For Man, how great ſoe'er his State,
unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As like a ſenſual Beaſt he lives,
ſo like a Beaſt he dies.

Pſalm L.

1, 2 THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God
Hath ſent his Summons all abroad,
From dawning Light 'till Day declines:
The liſt'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,
And he from *Sion* hath appear'd,
Where Beauty in perfection ſhines.

3, 4 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd Silence, as before.
But waſting Flames before him ſend:
Around ſhall Tempeſts fiercely rage,
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage
His juſt Tribunal to attend.

5, 6 Aſſemble all my Saints to me,
(Thus runs the great Divine decree)
That in my Laſting Cov'nant live.
And Off'rings bring with conſtant Care,
(The Heav'ns his Juſtice ſhall declare
For God himſelf ſhall Sentence give.)

7, 8 Attend, my People *Iſr'el*, hear,
Thy ſtrong Accuſer I'll appear,
Thy God, thy only God, am I:

'Tis

'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which daily in my Temple slain,
My sacred Altar did supply.
9 Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullocks from thy Stall I'll take,
Nor He-goats from my Fold accept:
10 The Forest Beasts that range alone,
The Cattle too are all my own.
That on a thousand Hills are kept.
11 I know the Fowls that build their Nests
In craggy Rocks, and savage Beasts
That loosly haunt the open Fields:
12 If seiz'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not seek Relief from thee,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.
13 Think'st thou that I have any need
On slaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
To eat their Flesh and drink their Blood?
14 The Sacrifices I require
Are Hearts with Love and Zeal inspire,
And Vows, with strictest Care made good,
15 In time of Trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free,
And thou returns of Praise shalt make:
16 But to the wicked thus saith God
How dar'st thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?
17 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Hast Proof against Instruction been
And of my Word didst likely speak;
18 When thou a subtle Thief didst see,
Thou gladly didst with him agree,
And with Adult'rers didst partake.
19 Vile Slander is thy chief delight.
Thy tongue, by Envy mov'd and spight,
Deceitful Tales does hourly spread:
20 Thou dost with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother and with Lyes confound
The Off'spring of thy Mother's Bed:
21 These things didst thou whom still I strove
To gain with Silence and with Love,
'Till thou d'dst wickedly surmise,
That I was such a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
And set thy Sins before thine Eyes.
22 Mark this, ye wicked Fools I tell
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly.
Whilst none shall dare your Cause to own,

23 Who

23 Who praiſes me due Honour gives,
And to the Man that juſtly lives
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

Pſalm LI.

1 HAVE Mercy Lord on me,
as thou wert ever kind;
Let me oppreſs'd with Lords of Guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find.

2, 3 Waſh off my foul Offence
and cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime and ſee
how great my Guilt has been.

4 Againſt thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy ſight
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
muſt own thy Judgment right.

5 In Guilt each part was form'd
of all this ſinful frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir of ſin and ſhame.

6 Yet thou, whoſe ſearching Eye
does inward Truth require,
In ſecret did'ſt with Wiſdom's Laws
my tender Soul inſpire.

7 With Hyſſop purge me, Lord,
and ſo I clean ſhall be:
I ſhall with Snow in Whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by thee.

8 Make me to hear with Joy
thy kind forgiving Voice:
That ſo the Bones which thou haſt broke
may with freſh Strength rejoice.

9, 10 Blot out my crying ſin,
nor me in anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

PART II.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help,
nor caſt me from thy ſight,
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
its everlaſting flight.

12 The Joy thy Favour gives
let me again obtain,
And thy free Spirit's firm ſupport
my fainting Soul ſuſtain.

13 So I thy righteous ways
to Sinners will impart,
Whil'ſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men
to thy juſt Laws convert.

14 My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour and my God,
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous Acts abroad.

15 Do thou unlock my Lips,
with Sorrow clos'd and ſhame;
So ſhall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praiſe
to all the World proclaim.

16 Could Sacrifice atone,
whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die:
But on ſuch Off'rings thou diſdain'ſt
to caſt a gracious Eye.

17 A broken Spirit is
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite Heart
ſhall never be deſpis'd.

18 Let *Sion* favour find,
of thy good Will aſſur'd;
And thy own City flouriſh long,
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.

19 The juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing Tribute pay;
And Sacrifice of choiceſt Kind
upon thy Altar lay.

Pſalm LII.

1 IN vain O Man of lawleſs Might,
thou boaſts thy ſelf in Ill,
Since God the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes his Favour ſtill.

2 Thy wicked Tongue does ſland'rous Tales
maliciouſly deviſe:
And, ſharper than a Razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous Lyes.

3, 4 Thy Thoughts are more on Ill than Good,
on Lyes than truth employ'd,
Thy tongue delights in Words by which
the Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.

5 God ſhall for ever blaſt thy hopes,
and ſnatch the ſoon away;
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
nor in the World to ſtay.

6 The juſt with pious fear ſhall ſee
the Downfal of thy Pride,
And at thy ſudden Ruin laugh,
and thus thy fall deride.

7 " See there the haughty Man that was,
" who proudly God defy'd.
" Who truſted in his Wealth, and ſtill
" on wicked Arts rely'd.

But I am like those Olive-Plants
that shade God's Temple round:
And hope with his indulgent Grace
to be for ever crown'd.

8 So shall my Soul with Praise, O God,
extol thy wondrous Love,
And on thy Name with Patience wait,
for this thy Saints approve.

Psalm LIII.

1 THE wicked Fools must sure suppose
that God is but a Name;
This gross Mistake their Practice shows,
since Virtue all disclaim (Tow'r.

2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high
the Sons of Men to view;
To see if any own'd his Pow'r,
or Truth or Justice knew.

3 But all he saw were backwards gone,
degen'rate grown and base:
None for Religion car'd, not One
of all the sinful Race.

4 But are those Workers of Deceit
so dull and senseless grown,
That they like Bread, my People eat,
and God's just Power disown?

5 Their causeless Fears shall strangely grow,
and they despis'd of God,
Shall soon be foil'd, his hand shall throw
their shatter'd Bones abroad.

6 Would he his saving Pow'r employ,
to break our servile Band,
Loud shouts of universal Joy
should echo through the Land.

Psalm LIV.

1, 2 LOrd, save me for thy glorious Name,
and in thy Strength appear,
To judge my Cause, accept my Pray'r,
and to my Words give Ear.

3 Mere Strangers whom I never wrong'd,
to Ruin me design'd,
And cruel Men that fear no God,
against my Soul combin'd.

4, 5 But God takes Part with all my Friends,
and he's the surest Guard:
The God of truth shall give my Foes
their Falshood's due Reward.

6 While I my grateful Off'rings bring,
and sacrifice with Joy;

And

And in his Praiſe my Time to come
delightfully employ.

7 From Danger and Diſtreſs
the Lord hath ſet me free,
Through him ſhall I of all my Foes
the juſt Deſtruction ſee.

Pſalm LV.

1 GIVE Ear thou Judge of all the Earth,
and liſten when I pray.
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
thy glorious Face away.

2 Attend to this my ſad Complaint
and hear my grievous Moans,
While I my mournful Caſe declare
with artleſs Sighs and Groans.

3 Hark! how the Foe inſults aloud,
how fierce Oppreſſors rage!
Whoſe ſland'rous tongues, with wrathful hate,
againſt my Fame engage.

4, 5 My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights diſtreſs'd,
With fear and trembling compaſs'd round,
with Horror quite oppreſs'd.

6 How often wiſh'd I then that I
the Dove's ſwift Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
and ſeek a ſafe Retreat!

7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
and in wild Deſarts ſtray,
'Till all this furious Storm were ſpent,
this Tempeſt paſs'd away.

PART II.

9 Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill Deſigns;
their Counſels ſoon divide:
For, through the City, my griev'd Eyes
have Strife and Rapine ſpy'd.

10 By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
they walk their conſtant Round,
And in the midſt of all her Strength
are Grief and Miſchief found.

11 Whoe'er through ev'ry Part ſhall roam,
will freſh Diſorders meet:
Deceit and Guile their conſtant Poſts
maintain in ev'ry Street.

12 For 'twas not any open Foe
that falſe Reflections made,
For then I could with Eaſe have born
the bitter Things he ſaid,

'Twas

'Twas none who hatred had profeſs'd
that did againſt me riſe,
For then I had withdrawn my ſelf
from his malicious Eyes.

13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my Friend,
whom tender'ſt Love did join;
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt,
whoſe Pray'rs were mixt with mine.

15 Sure Vengeance, equal to their Crime,
ſuch Traytors muſt ſurprize,
And ſudden Death requite thoſe Ills
they wickedly deviſe:

16, 17 But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my Aid appear;
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,
and he my Voice ſhall hear.

PART III.

18 God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe
that did with me contend,
And made a num'rous Hoſt of Friends
my righteous Cauſe defend.

19 For he who was my help of old,
ſhall now his Suppliant hear:
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous State
makes them no God to fear.

20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt Ties?

21 Tho' ſoft and melting are their Words,
their Hearts with War abound;
Their Speeches are more ſmooth than Oyl,
and yet like Swords they wound.

22 Do thou my Soul, on God depend,
and he ſhall thee ſuſtain.
He aids the Juſt, whom to ſupplant
the Wicked ſtrive in vain.

23 My Foes, that trade in Lyes and Blood,
ſhall all untimely die,
Whilſt I for Health and Length of Days
on Thee, my God, rely.

Pſalm LVI.

1 DO thou, O God in Mercy help,
for Man my Life purſues,
To cruſh me with repeated Wrongs
he daily ſtrife renews.

2 Continually my ſpiteful Foes,
to ruin me combine:

Thou

Thou see'ſt, who ſit'ſt enthron'd on High,
what mighty Numbers join.

3 But tho' ſometimes ſurpriz'd by Fear,
on Danger's firſt Alarm,
Yet ſtill for Succour I depend
on thy Almighty Arm.

4 God's faithful Promiſe I ſhall praiſe
on whom I now rely;
In God I truſt, and truſting him,
the Arm of Fleſh defy.

5 They wreſt my Words, and make 'em ſpeak
a Senſe they never meant:
Their Thoughts are all, with reſtleſs Spite,
on my Deſtruction bent.

6 In cloſe Aſſemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay,
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait,
to make my Soul their Prey.

7 Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O righteous God, ariſe,
Let thy juſt Wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chaſtiſe.

8 Thou number'ſt all my Steps ſince firſt
I was compell'd to flee:
My very Tears are treaſur'd up,
and regiſter'd by Thee.

9 When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foes ſhall be o'erthrown:
For I am well aſſured that God
my righteous Cauſe will own.

10, 11 I'll truſt God's Word, and ſo deſpiſe
the Force that Man can raiſe:

12 To Thee, O God, my Vows are due,
to Thee I'll render Praiſe.

13 Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death,
and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Life thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my Footſteps ſure;
That, thus protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy:
And in the Service of my God
my lengthen'd Days employ.

Pſalm LVII.

1 THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On thy Protection I depend,
And to thy Wings for Shelter haſte,
'Till this outragious Storm is paſt:

2 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou Sov'reign Judge and God moſt high

Who Wonders haſt for me begun,
and wilt not leave thy Work undone.

3 From Heav'n protect me by thine Arm,
And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my Harm:
To my Relief thy Mercy ſend,
And Truth on which my Hopes depend.
4 For I with ſalvage Men converſe,
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce; (Words
With Men whoſe Teeth are Spears, their
Invenom'd Darts and two-edg'd Swords.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd:
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6 To take me they their Net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my Soul enſnar'd:
But fell themſelves, by juſt Decree,
Into the Pit they made for me.

7 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
It's faithful Tribute to preſent.
And with my Heart my Voice I'll raiſe
To thee my God, in Songs of Praiſe.
8 Awake my Glory, Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute,
And I my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.

9 Thy Praiſes, Lord I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning Nations round:
10 Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends,
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd.
'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

Pſalm LVIII.

1 SPeak O ye Judges of the Earth,
if juſt your Sentence be,
Or muſt not Innocence appeal
to Heav'n from your Decree?
2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
alike by Malice ſway'd:
Your griping Hands by weighty Bribes
to Violence betray'd.

3 To Virtue Strangers, from the Womb
their Infant-Steps went wrong:
They prattl'd Slanders and in Lyes
employ'd their liſping Tongue.
4 No Serpent of parch'd *Africk*'s Breed
does ranker Poyſon bear:

The

The drowsy Adder will as soon
unlock his sullen Ear.

5 Unmov'd by good Advice and deaf
as Adders they remain:
From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice
can no Attention gain.

6 Defeat, O God their threat'ning Rage,
and timely break their Pow'r:
Disarm these growling Lyons Jaws,
e'er practis'd to devour.

7 Let now their Insolence, at Height,
like ebbing Tides be spent,
Their shiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,
when they their Bow have bent.

8 Like Snails let them dissolve to Slime,
like hasty Births become;
Unworthy to behold the Sun,
and dead within the Womb.

9 E'er Thorns can make the Flesh-pots boil,
tempestuous Wrath shall come
From God, snatch em' hence alive,
to their eternal Doom.

10 The Righteous shall rejoyce to see
their Crimes such Vengeance meet,
And Saints in Persecutors Blood
shall dip their harmless Feet.

11 Transgressors then with Grief shall see
just Men Rewards obtain:
And own a God, whose Justice will
the guilty Earth arraign.

Psalm LIX.

1 DEliver me, O Lord my God,
from all my spiteful Foes,
In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r
to theirs who me oppose.

2 Preserve me from a wicked Race,
who make a Trade of ill:
Protect me from remorseless Men,
who seek my Blood to spill.

3 They lie in wait and mighty Pow'rs
against my Life combine
Implacable Foes, Lord thou know'st,
for no Offence of mine

4 In Haste they run about and watch
my guiltless Life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my Distress,
and to my Help awake

5 Thou Lord of Hosts and *Israel's* God,
their Heathen Rage suppress:

Relentleſs Vengeance take on thoſe
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6 At Ev'ning to beſet my Houſe,
like growling Dogs they meet;
While others through the City range,
and ranſack ev'ry Street.
7 Their Throats envenom'd Slander breath,
their Tongues are ſharpen'd Swords,
Who hears (ſay they) or hearing dares
reprove our lawleſs Words?
8 But from thy Throne thou ſhalt, O Lord,
their baffled Plots deride;
And ſoon to Scorn and Shame expoſe
their boaſted Heathen Pride.
9 On thee I wait; 'tis on thy Strength
for Succour I depend;
'Tis thou, O God, art my Defence,
who only canſt defend.
10 Thy Mercy, Lord, which has ſo oft
from Danger ſet me free,
Shall crown my Wiſhes, and ſubdue
my haughty Foes to me.
11 Deſtroy them not, O Lord, at once,
reſtrain thy vengeful Blow,
Leſt we ingratefully too ſoon
forget their Overthrow.
Diſperſe them through the Nations round
by thy avenging Pow'r,
Do thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord our Shield and Tow'r.
12 Now in the Height of all their Hopes,
their Arrogance chaſtiſe; (Reſtraint;
Whoſe Tongues have ſinn'd without
and Curſes join'd with Lies.
13 Nor ſhalt thou whilſt their Race endure,
thine Anger, Lord, ſuppreſs.
That diſtant Lands by their juſt Doom,
may *Iſrael*'s God confeſs.
14 At Ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt
like growling Dogs to meet;
Still wander all the City round,
and traverſe ev'ry Street.
15 Then, as for Malice now they do,
for Hunger let them ſtray;
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
defeated of their Prey:
16 Whilſt early I thy Mercy ſing,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confeſs,

For

For thou hast been my sure Defence
my Refuge in Distress.
17 To thee with never-ceasing Praise,
O God, my Strength, I'll sing:
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
my Health and Safety spring.

Psalm LX.

1 O God, who hast our Troops dispers'd,
Forsaking those who left Thee first,
As we thy just Displeasure mourn.
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our Strength, that firm as Earth did stand
Is rent by thy avenging Hand:
O heal the Breaches thou hast made,
We shake, we fall, without thy Aid!

3 Our Follies sad Effects we feel,
For drunk with Discord's Cup we reel;
4 But now for them who thee rever'd
Thou hast thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd,
5 Let thy right Hand thy Saints protect,
Lord, hear the Prayers that we direct.
6 The holy God has spoke and I,
O'erjoy'd on his firm Word rely.

To thee in Portions I'll divide
Fair *Sichem's* Soil, *Samaria's* Pride:
To *Sichem Succoth* next I'll join,
And measure out her Vale by Line.
7 *Manassah*, *Gilead*, both subscribe
To my commands, with *Ephraim's* Tribe;
Ephraim by Arms supports my Cause,
And *Judah* by religious Laws.

8 *Moab* my Slave and Drudge shall be;
Nor *Edom* from my Yoke get free:
Proud *Palestine's* Imperial State
Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.
9 But who shall quell these mighty Pow'rs,
And clear my way to *Edom's* Tow'rs?
Or through her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that doth to Conquest lead?

10 Ev'n thou, O God, who hast disper's'd
Our Troops (for we forsook thee first)
Those whom thou didst in Wrath forsake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting Cause sustain
For humane Succours are but vain.
12 Fresh Strength and Courage God bestows;
'Tis he treads down our proudest Foes.

Pſalm LXI.

1 LOrd, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,
which I oppreſt with Grief
2 From Earth's remoteſt Parts addreſs
to thee for kind Relief.
O lodge me ſafe beyond the Reach
of perſecuting Pow'r.
3 Thou who ſo oft from ſpiteful Foes
haſt been my ſhelt'ring Tow'r.
4 So ſhall I in thy ſacred Courts
ſecure from Danger lie:
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
all future Storms defy.
5 In ſign my Vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy Choſen reign:
6 O bleſs with long and proſp'rous Life
the King thou did'ſt ordain.
7 Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign
accepted in thy Sight.
And let thy Truth and Mercy both
in his Defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy Praiſe,
thy Name for ever bleſs:
Devote my proſperous Days to pay
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.

Pſalm LXII.

1, 2 MY Soul for Help on God relies,
From him alone my Safety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my Fall
Which will but haſten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending Wall,
Or Fence of uncemented Stone.
4 To make my envy'd Honours leſs,
They ſtrive with Lyes, their chief Delight;
For they tho' with their Mouths they bleſs,
In private curſe with inward Spite.
5, 6 But thou, my Soul, on God rely,
On him alone thy Truſt repoſe,
My Rock and Health will Strength ſupply,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.
7 God does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,
And flowing Bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my Fortreſs and Defence
On him my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.
8 In him ye People, always truſt,
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts,

For

For God, the Merciful and Juſt,
His timely Aid to us imparts.

9 The Vulgar fickle are and frail
The Great diſſemble and betray;
And, laid in Truth's impartial Scale,
The lighteſt Things will both outweigh.

10 Then truſt not in oppreſſive Ways,
By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain,
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increaſe
Beſet too much upon your Gain.

11 For God has oft his Will expreſs'd,
And I this Truth have fully known:
To be of boundleſs Pow'r poſſeſs'd
Belongs of right to God alone.

12 Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,
In which he chiefly takes Delight,
Yet will he all the humane Race
According to their Works requite.

Pſalm LXIII.

1 O God, my Gracious God to Thee
My Morning Pray'rs ſhall offer'd be;
For thee my thirſty Soul does pant:
My fainting Fleſh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreſhing Waters want.

2 O to my longing Eyes once more
That view of glorious Pow'r reſtore,
Which thy Majeſtick Houſe diſplays.

3 Becauſe to me thy wond'rous Love,
Than Life it ſelf does dearer prove,
My Lips ſhall always ſpeak thy Praiſe.

4 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In bleſſing God I will employ;
With liſted Hands adore his Name:

5 My Soul's Content ſhall be as great,
As theirs who choiceſt Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praiſe proclaim.

6 When down I lie ſweet Sleep to find,
Thou Lord art preſent to my Mind,
And when I wake in Dead of Night,

7 Becauſe thou ſtill doſt Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
I reſt with Safety and Delight

8 My Soul when Foes would me devour,
Cleaves faſt to thee, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
In her Support is daily ſhown.

9 But thoſe the righteous Lord ſhall ſlay
That my Deſtruction wiſh: and they,
That ſeek my Life, ſhall loſe their own.

10 They by untimely Ends shall die,
Their Flesh a Prey to Foxes lie:
But God shall fill the King with joy.
11 Who thee confess shall still rejoice
Whilst the false Tongue and lying Voice,
Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

Psalm LXIV.

1 LOrd, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
to my Request give Ear:
Preserve my Life from cruel Foes,
and free my Soul from Fear.
2 O hide me with thy tender'st Care
in some secure Retreat:
From Sinners that against me rise,
and all their Plots defeat.

3 See how, intent to work my Harm,
they whet their Tongues like Swords,
And bend their Bows to shoot their Darts,
sharp Lyes and bitter Words.
4 Lurking in private at the Just
they take their secret Aim:
And suddenly at him they shoot,
quite void of Fear and Shame.

5 To carry on their ill designs,
they mutually agree,
They speak of laying private Snares,
and think that none shall see.
6 With utmost Diligence and Care
their wicked Plots they lay:
The deep Designs of all their Hearts
are only to betray.

7 But God, to Anger justly mov'd,
his dreadful Bow shall bend
And on his flying Arrow's Point,
shall swift Destruction send.
8 Those Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
upon themselves shall fall
Their Crimes disclos'd shall make them be
despis'd and shunn'd by all.

9 The World shall then God's Pow'r confess,
and Nations trembling stand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work
of his avenging Hand.
10 Whilst righteous Men, whom God secures,
in him shall gladly trust;
And all the listning Earth shall hear
loud Triumphs of the Just.

Psalm

Psalm LXV.

1 FOR Thee, O God, our constant Praise
In *Sion* waits, thy chosen Seat:
Our promis'd Altars we will raise,
And there our zealous Vows compleat,
2 O thou, who to my humble Pray'r
Did'st always bend thy list'ning Ear,
To thee shall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.
3 Our Sins (tho' numberless) in vain
To stop thy flowing Mercy try:
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,
And washest out the crimson Dye.
4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred Dwelling lives:
Whilst we at humbler Distance taste
The vast Delights thy Temple gives.
5 By wond'rous Acts, O God most just,
Have we thy gracious Answer found,
In thee remotest Nations trust,
And those whom stormy Waves surround.
6, 7 God by his Strength set fast the Hills,
And does his marchless Pow'r engage,
With which the Sea's loud Waves he stills,
And angry Crowd's tumultuous Rage.

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous Lands dismay,
When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they see the Night and Day
Each other's Track by Turns pursue.
9 From out thy unexhausted Store
Thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground,
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
With Corn and useful Fruits abound.
10 On rising Ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills,
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs,
In which a blest Increase distils.
11 Thy Goodness does the circling Year
With fresh Returns of Plenty crown:
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.
12 They drop on barren Forests, chang'd
By them to Pastures fresh and green,
The Hills about, in Order rang'd,
In beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.
13 Large Flocks, with fleecy Wool, adorn
The chearful Downs, the Valleys bring.

A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
And ſeem for Joy to ſhout and ſing.

Pſalm LXVI.

1, 2 LET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy
to God their Voices raiſe:
Sing Pſalms in Honour of his Name,
and ſpread his glorious Praiſe.
3 And let them ſay, how dreadful, Lord,
in all thy Works art thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall all be forc'd to bow.
4 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
ſhall thee their God confeſs:
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
of thy great Name expreſs
5 O come, behold the Works of God,
and then with me you'll own,
That he to all the Sons of Men.
has wond'rous Judgments ſhown.
6 He made the Sea become dry Land,
thro' which our Fathers walk'd,
Whil'ſt to each other of his Might
with Joy his People talk'd.
7 He by his Pow'r for ever rules,
his Eyes the World ſurvey,
Let no preſumptuous Man rebel
againſt his Sov'reign ſway.

PART II.

8, 9 O all ye Nations, bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his Praiſe
Who keeps our Soul alive, and ſtill
confirms our ſtedfaſt Ways.
10 For thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as Fire
does try the precious Ore:
11 Thou brought'ſt us into Straits where we
oppreſſing Burdens bore.
12 Inſulting Foes did us, their Slaves,
thro' Fire and Water chaſe;
But yet at laſt thou brought'ſt us forth
into a wealthy Place.
13 Burnt Off'rings to thy Houſe I'll bring,
and there my Vows will pay
14 Which I with ſolemn Zeal did make
in Trouble's diſmal Day.
15 Then ſhall the richeſt Incenſe ſmoke,
the fatteſt Rams ſhall fall;
The choiceſt Goats from out the Fold,
and Bullocks from the Stall,

16 O

16 O come all ye, that fear the Lord,
attend with heedful Care.
Whilst I, what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.

17, 18 As I before his Aid implor'd,
so now I praise his Name:
Who if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
would all my Pray'rs disclaim.

19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
his gracious Ear did bend:
And to the Voice of my Request
with constant Love attend.

20 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
who never, when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
nor turns his Face away.

Psalm LXVII.

1 TO bless thy chosen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the Brightness of thy Face
on all thy Saints to shine:

2 That so thy wond'rous ways,
may through the World be known,
Whil'st distant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame,
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praise thy glorious Name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
with Joy and pious Mirth,
For thou the righteous Judge and King,
shalt govern all the Earth.

5 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praise thy glorious Name.

6 Then shall the teeming Ground
a large Increase disclose;
And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,
which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our Land
shall constant Blessings show'r,
And all the World in awe shall stand
of his resistless Pow'r.

Psalm LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of Battle rise,
And scatter his presumptuous Foes;

Let

Let shameful Rout their Host surprize,
Who spitefully his Pow'r oppose.
2 As smoak in Tempests Rage is lost,
Or Wax into the Furnace cast,
So let their sacrilegious Host
Before his wrathful Presence waste.
3 But let the Servants of his Will
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy,
Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,
And chearful Songs their Tongues employ.
4 To him your voice in Anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful Name he bears,
In him rejoice, extol his Praise,
Who rides upon high rowling Spheres.
5 Him, from his Empire of the Skies,
To this low World compassion draws,
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.
6 'Tis God who from a foreign Soil
Restores poor Exiles to their Home,
Makes Captives free and fruitless Toil
Their proud Oppressors righteous Doom.
7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead,
In Person, Lord our Armies forth.
Strange Terrors thro' the Desart spread,
Convulsions shook th' astonish'd Earth.
8 The breaking Clouds did Rain distil,
And Heav'n's high Archers shook with Fear;
How then should *Sinai*'s humble Hill,
Of *Israel*'s God the Presence bear?
9 Thy Hand, at famish'd Earth's Complaint,
Reliev'd her from celestial Stores,
And when thy Heritage was faint, (ers,
Asswag'd the Drought with plenteous Show-
10 Where Salvages had rang'd before,
At Ease thou mad'st our Tribes reside;
And in the Desart for the Poor
Thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

PART II.

11 Thou gav'st the Word we sally'd forth,
And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame,
While Virgin-Troops with Songs or Mirth
In State our Conquest did proclaim.
12 Vast Armies, by such Gen'rals led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forsook their Camp with sudden Dread,
And to our Women left the Spoil.
13 Tho' *Egypt*'s Drudges you have been,
Your Army's Wings shall shine as bright,

As

As Doves in golden Sun-shine seen,
Or silver'd o'er with paler Light.
14 'Twas so when God's Almighty Hand
O'erscatter'd Kings the Conqueſt won:
Our Troops drawn up on *Jordan's* Strand,
High *Salmon's* glitt'ring Snow out-shone.
15 From thence to *Jordan's* farther Coaſt,
And *Baſhan's* Hill we did advance:
No more her Height ſhall *Baſhan* boaſt,
But that ſhe's God's Inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
Should this, O Mountain, ſwell your Pride?
For *Sion* is his choſen Seat,
Where he for ever will reſide.

17 His Chariots numberleſs, his Pow'rs
Are heavenly Hoſts that wait his Will:
His Preſence now fills *Sion's* Tow'rs,
As once it honour'd *Sinai's* Hill.
18 Aſcending high in Triumph Thou
Captivity haſt Captive led;
And on thy People did'ſt beſtow,
The Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.

19 Ev'n Rebels ſhall partake thy Grace,
And humble Proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy Dwelling-Place,
And all the World pay Homage there:
20 For Benefits each Day beſtow'd,
Be daily his great Name ador'd:
21 Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord.

22 But Juſtice for his harden'd Foes
Proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary Head of thoſe,
Who in preſumptuous Crimes proceed.'
23 The Lord has thus in Thunder ſpoke,
" As I ſubdu'd proud *Baſhan's* King,
" Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,
" And from the Deep my Servants bring.
24 " Their Feet ſhall with a crimſon Flood
" Of ſlaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er;
" Nor Earth receive ſuch impious Blood,
" But leave for Dogs th'unhallow'd Gore.'

PART III.

25 When, marching to thy bleſt Abode,
The wond'ring Multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous State of thee, our God,
In Robes of Majeſty array'd.
26 Sweet-ſinging *Levites* led the Van,
Loud Inſtruments brought up the Rear;

Between

Between both Troops a Virgin-train
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.

27 This was the Burden of their Song,
" In full Assemblies bless the Lord,
" All, who to *Israel*'s Tribes belong,
" The God of *Israel*'s Praise record.

28 Nor little *Benjamin* alone
From neighbouring Bounds did there attend
Nor only *Judah*'s nearer Throne,
Her Counsellors in State did send.

But *Zebulon*'s remoter Seat,
And *Naphtali*'s more distant Coast,
(The grand Procession to compleat)
Sent up their Tribes a Princely Host.

29 Thus God to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Strife 'till that blest Hour:
This Work which thou O God hast wrought
Confirm with fresh Recruits of Pow'r.

30 To visit *Salem* Lord descend
And *Sion* thy terrestrial Throne;
Where Kings with Presents shall attend,
And thee with offer'd Crowns atone

31 Break down the Spear-mens Ranks who
Like pamper'd Herds of savage Might, (threat
Their Silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
Who in destructive War delight.

32 *Egypt* shall then to God stretch forth
Her Hands and *Africk* Homage bring;
33 The scatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
Their common Sov'reign's Praises sing.
34 Who mounted on the loftiest Sphere
Of ancient Heav'n sublimely rides,
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.

35 Ascribe ye Power to God most High,
Of humble *Isr'el* he takes Care,
Whose Strength from out the dusky Sky
Darts shining Terrors thro' the Air.
36 How dreadful are the sacred Courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne:
His Strength his feeble Saints supports;
To God give Praise, and him alone.

Psalm LXIX.

1 SAve me, O God, from Waves that rowl,
and press to overwhelm my Soul,
2 With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
3 With restless Cries my Spirits faint,
My Voice is hoarse with long Complaint;

My

My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

4 My Hairs tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes that me pursue
With groundless hate, grown now of Might,
To execute their lawless Spite.
They force me guiltless to resign,
As Rapine, what by Right was mine.

5 Thou, Lord, my Innocence dost see,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from thee.

6 Lord God of Hosts, take timely Care,
Lest for my Sake thy Saints despair;

7 Since I have suffer'd for thy Name
Reproach, and hid my Face in Shame.

8 A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my neareſt Kindred known,
A foreigner, expos'd to Scorn,
By Brethren of my Mother born.

9 For Zeal to thy lov'd House and Name
Consumes me like devouring Flame,
Concern'd at their Affronts to thee
More than at Slanders cast on me.

10 My very Tears and Abstinence
They construe in a spiteful Sense,

11 When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their sake,
They me their common Proverb make.

12 Their Judges at my Wrongs do jest,
Those Wrongs they ought to have redrest:
How should I then expect to be
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free?

13 But Lord to thee I will repair
For Help with humble timely Pray'r:
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store:
Display thy Truths preserving Pow'r:

14 From threat'ning Dangers me relieve,
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;
From spiteful Foes in Safety keep
And snatch me from the raging Deep.

15 Controul the Deluge e'er it spread,
And roul its Waves above my Head.
Nor deep Destruction's open Pit
To close her Jaws on me permit.

16 Lord hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For th' transcending Goodness sake:
Relieve thy Supplicant once more
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.

17 Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face,
Make haste, for desp'rate is my Case:

18 Thy

18 Thy timely Succour interpoſe,
And ſhield me from remorſeleſs foes.

19 Thou know'ſt what Infamy and Scorn
I from my Enemies have born:
Nor can their cloſe diſſembled ſpite,
Or darkneſs Plots eſcape thy ſight.
20 Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart;
I look'd for ſome to take my part,
To pity or relieve my pain:
But look'd (alas) for both in vain.

21 With Hunger pin'd for food I call,
Inſtead of food they give me Gall:
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They give me vinegar to drink.
22 Their Table therefore to their health
Shall prove a Snare, a trap their Wealth:
23 Perpetual darkneſs ſeize their Eyes
And ſudden Blaſts their hopes ſurprize.

24 On them thou ſhalt thy fury pour.
'Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour,
25 And make their Houſe a diſmal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.
26 For new Afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd:
And made the wounds thy Scourge had torn
To bleed a freſh with ſharper Scorn.

27 Sin ſhall to Sin their Steps betray,
'Till they to truth have loſt the way.
28 From Life thou ſhalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Juſt their Names enroll.
29 But me howe'er diſtreſt and poor,
Thy ſtrong Salvation ſhall reſtore;
30 Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy Name.

31 Our God ſhall this more highly prize,
Then herds of Flocks in Sacrifice:
32 Which humble Saints with Joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like Redreſs with me.
33 For God regards the Poors complaint,
Sets Priſ'ners free from cloſe Reſtraint.
34 Let Heaven, Earth Sea, their voices raiſe,
And all the World reſound his praiſe.

35 For God will *Sion*'s Walls erect,
Fair *Judah*'s Cities will protect;
'Till all her ſcatter'd Sons repair
To undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion there.
36 This Bleſſing they ſhall at their Death,
To their religious Heirs bequeath:

And

And they to endless Ages more,
Of such as his blest Name adore.

Psalm LXX.

1 O Lord to my Relief draw near,
For never was more pressing Need:
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliv'rance speed.
2 Confusion on their Heads return,
Who to destroy my Soul combine:
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn
Insnar'd in their own vile design,
3 Their Doom let Desolation be,
With shame their Malice be repaid.
Who mock'd my Confidence in thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made.
4 While those, who humbly seek thy Face,
To joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd:
And all who prize thy saving Grace
With me shall sing, *The Lord be prais'd.*
5 Thus wretched, tho' I am and poor,
The mighty Lord of me takes Care,
Thou God, who only can'st restore,
To my Relief with Speed repair.

Psalm LXXI.

1, 2 IN thee I put my stedfast trust,
defend me, Lord, from Shame:
3 Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul,
for righteous is thy Name.
Be thou my strong abiding place,
to which I may resort,
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;
thou art my Rock and Fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly Men
protect and set me free,
For from my earliest Youth 'till now
My hope has been in thee.
6 Thy constant Care did safely guard
my tender infant Days.
Thou mak'st me from my Mother's Womb,
to sing thy constant Praise.
7, 8 While some on me with Wonder gaze,
thy hand supports me still;
Thy Honour therefore and thy Praise
my Mouth shall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
when I with Age decay;
Forsake me not when worn with Years,
my vigour fades away.

10 My

10 My Foes, against my fame and me,
with crafty Malice ſpeak,
Againſt my Soul they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counſel take.
11 His God, ſay they, forſakes him now;
on whom he did rely
Purſue and take him whilſt no hope
of timely Aid is nigh.
12 But thou my God, withdraw not far,
for ſpeedy help I call,
13 To Shame and Ruin bring my foes
that ſeek to work my fall.
14 But as for me my ſtedfaſt hope
ſhall on thy Pow'r depend,
And I in grateful Songs of praiſe
my time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous Acts and ſaving Health
my Mouth ſhall ſtill declare:
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt Care.
16 While God vouchſafes me his Support,
I'll in his Strength go on
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
full bent on his alone.
17 Thou Lord haſt taught me from my youth,
to praiſe thy glorious Name,
And ever ſince thy wond'rous Works
have been my conſtant Theme.
18 Then now forſake me not when I
am grey and feeble grown
'Till I to theſe and future times
thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.
19 How high thy Juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
Thy mighty works which thou haſt done!
who may with thee compare?
20 Me, whom thy hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy Grace ſhall yet relieve,
And from the loweſt depth of woe,
with tender Care retrieve.
21 Thro' thee my time to come ſhall be
with Pow'r and Greatneſs crown'd:
And me who diſmal Years have paſt,
thy Comforts ſhall ſurround.
22 Then I with Pſaltery and Harp
thy Truth, O Lord, will praiſe;
To thee, the God of *Jacob*'s Race,
my voice in Anthems raiſe.

53 Then Joy shall fill my Mouth, and Songs
employ my chearful Voice:
My grateful Soul by thee redeem'd,
shall in thy Strength rejoice.
54 My Tongue thy just and righteous Acts
shall all the Day proclaim:
Because thou didst confound my Foes,
and brought'st them all to Shame.

Psalm LXXII.

1 LOrd let thy just Decrees the King
in all his ways direct,
And let his Son, throughout his Reign,
thy righteous Laws respect.
2 So shall he still thy People judge
with pure and upright Mind,
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him
their just Protector find.

3 Then Hills and Mountains shall bring forth
the happy fruits of Peace,
Which all the Land shall own to be
the work of Righteousness:
4 Whilst he the poor and needy Race
shall rule with gentle Sway;
And from their humble Necks shall take
oppressive Yokes away.

In ev'ry Heart thy awful fear
shall then be rooted fast,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or time it self shall last.
6 He shall descend like Rain, that chears
the Meadows second Birth,
Or like warm Show'rs, whose gentle drops
refresh the thirsty Earth.

7 In his blest Days the just and good
shall be with favour crown'd,
The happy Land shall ev'ry where
with endless Peace abound.
8 His uncontroul'd Dominion shall
from Sea to Sea extend,
Begin at proud *Euphrates*'s Streams,
at Nature's Limits end.

9 To him the savage Nations round
shall bow their servile Heads,
His vanquish'd Foes shall lick the Dust
where he his Conquest spreads.
10 The Kings of *Tarshesh*, and the Isles,
shall costly Presents bring;
From spicy *Sheba* Gifts shall come,
and wealthy *Saba*'s King.

11 To him shall ev'ry King on Earth
his humble Homage pay,
And diff'ring Nations gladly join
to own his righteous Sway.
12 For he shall set the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry:
Shall save the helpless and the Poor,
and all their wants supply.

PART II.

13 His Providence for needy Souls
shall due Supplies prepare;
And over their defenceless Lives
shall watch with tender Care.
14 He shall preserve and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine free.
And in his Sight their guiltless Blood
of mighty Price shall be.

15 Therefore shall God his Life and Reign
to many Years extend,
Whilst Eastern Princes Tribute pay,
and golden Presents send.
For him shall constant Pray'rs be made,
thro' all his prosp'rous Days;
His just Dominion shall afford
a lasting Theme of Praise.

16 Of useful Grain, thro' all the Land,
great Plenty shall appear;
A handful sown on Mountain Tops
a mighty Crop shall bear.
Its Fruit like Cedars shook by Winds,
a rattling noise shall yield;
The City too shall thrive and vie
for Plenty with the Field.

17 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name
thro' endless Years shall run:
His spotless Fame shall shine as bright
and lasting as the Sun.
In him the Nations of the World
shall be compleatly blest:
And his unbounded happiness
by ev'ry Tongue confest.

18 Then blest'd be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom *Isr'el* fears:
Who only, wond'rous in his Works,
beyond compare appears.
19 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;
for ever bless his Name:
Whilst to his Praise the lift'ning World
their glad Assent proclaim.

Psalm LXXIII.

1 AT length by certain Proof 'tis plain,
that God will to his Saints be kind
That all whose Hearts are pure and clean,
shall his protecting Favour find.

2, 3 'Till this sustaining Truth I knew,
my staggʼring Feet had almost failʼd,
I grievʼd the Sinnerʼs Wealth to view,
And envyʼd when the Fools prevailʼd.

4, 5 They to the Grave in Peace descend,
And whilst they live are hale and strong,
No Plagues or Troubles them offend,
which oft to other Men belong.

6, 7 With Pride as with a Chain they're held,
and Rapine seems their Robe of State;
Their Eyes stand out, with fatness swellʼd,
they grow, beyond their Wishes, great.

8, 9 With Heart corrupt, and lofty Talk,
oppressive Methods they defend:
Their tongue thro' all the Earth does walk,
their Blasphemies to Heavʼn ascend.

10 And yet admiring Crowds are found,
who servile visits duly make,
Because with Plenty they abound,
of which their flatʼring Slaves partake.

11 Their fond Opinions these pursue,
'Till they with them profanely cry,
"How should the Lord our Actions view?
"can he perceive who dwells so high?

12 Behold the wicked! these are they
who openly their Sins profess;
And yet their Wealth increase each Day,
and all their Actions meet Success.

13, 14 Then have I cleansʼd my Heart (said I)
and washʼd my Hands from Guilt in vain
If all the Day oppressʼt I lie,
and evʼry Morning suffer pain.

15 Thus did I once to speak intent:
but if such things I rashly say,
Thy Children, Lord, I must offend,
and basely should their Cause betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this my Thoughts I bent,
but found the Case too hard for me,
'Till to the House of God I went,
then I their End did plainly see.

18 How high foeʼer advancʼd, they all
on slippʼry Places loosely stand;

Thence

Thence into Ruin headlong fall,
caſt down by thy avenging Hand.

19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their Fate,
deſpis'd by thee when they're deſtroy'd:
As waking Men with Scorn do treat
the Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.

21, 22 Thus was my Heart with grief oppreſs'd,
my Reins were rack'd with reſtleſs Pains,
So ſtupid was I like a Beaſt
who no reflecting Thoughts retains.

23, 24 Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſupply'd,
and thy Right-hand Aſſiſtance gave:
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy Counſel guide,
and then to Glory me receive.

25 Whom then in Heav'n, but Thee alone,
have I, whoſe Favour I require,
Throughout the ſpacious Earth there's none
that I beſides Thee can deſire.

26 My trembling Fleſh and aking Heart,
may often fail to ſuccour me:
But God ſhall inward Strength impart,
and my eternal Portion be.

27 For they that far from thee remove,
ſhall into ſudden Ruin fall;
If after other Gods they rove,
Thy vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all,

28 But as for me, 'tis good and juſt
that I ſhould ſtill to God repair,
In him I always put my Truſt,
and will his wond'rous Works declare.

Pſalm LXXIV.

1 WHY haſt thou caſt us off, O God,
wilt thou no more return?
O why, againſt thy choſen Flock,
does thy fierce Anger burn?

2 Think on thy ancient Purchaſe, Lord,
the Land that is thy own
By thee redeem'd, and *Sion's* Mount,
where once thy Glory ſhone.

3 O come and view our ruin'd State!
how long our Troubles laſt!
See how the Foe with wicked Rage
has laid thy Temple waſte!

4 Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name, where late
thy zealous Servants pray'd;
The Heathen there with haughty Pomp,
their Banners have diſplay'd.

5, 6 Thoſe curious Carvings which did once
advance the Artiſt's fame,

With

With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.
7 Thy Holy Temple they have burnt,
and what eſcap'd the Flame
Has been profan'd and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred to thy Name.

Thy Worſhip wholly to deſtroy
maliciouſly they aim'd:
And all the ſacred Places burn'd
where we thy Praiſe proclaim:
9 Yet of thy Preſence thou vouchſaf'ſt
no tender Sign to ſend;
We have no Prophet now that knows
when this ſad State ſhall end.

PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
th' inſulting Foe to boaſt?
Shall all the Honour of thy Name
for evermore be loſt? (hand,
11 Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong Right-
and on thy patient Breaſt,
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth,
ſo calmly let'ſt it reſt?

12 Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,
in our Defence haſt fought:
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
haſt great Salvation wrought
13 'Twas thou, O God, that didſt the Sea
by thy own Strength divide:
Thou brak'ſt the watry Monſter's Head;
the Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride,

14 The greateſt fierceſt of them all
that ſeem the Deep to ſway,
Was by thy Pow'r deſtroy'd, and made
to ſavage Beaſts a prey.
15 Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock, and mad'ſt
the Waters largely flow;
Again thou mad'ſt thro' parted Streams
thy wand'ring People go.

16 Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
the black return of Night.
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun,
and every feebler Light.
17 By thee the Borders of the Earth,
in perfect Order ſtand;
The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,
attend on thy Command.

PART

PART III.

18 Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes
have daily urg'd our Shame,
And how the fooliſh People have
blaſphem'd thy holy Name.
19 O free thy mourning Turtle-Dove,
by ſinful Crowds beſet;
Nor the Aſſembly of thy poor
for evermore forget.
20 Thy ancient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy promiſe good;
For now each Corner of the Land
is fill'd with Men of Blood.
21 O let not the Oppreſs'd return
with Sorrow cloath'd and ſhame;
But let the Helpleſs and the Poor
for ever praiſe thy Name.
22 Ariſe, O God, in our Behalf,
thy Cauſe and ours maintain;
Remember how inſulting Fools
each Day thy Name prophane.
23 Make thou the Boaſtings of thy Foes
for evermore to ceaſe;
Whoſe Inſolence, if unchaſtiz'd,
will more and more increaſe.

Pſalm LXXV.

1 TO Thee, O God, we render Praiſe,
to thee with Thanks repair,
For that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous Works declare.
2 In *Iſr'el* when my Throne is fix'd,
with me ſhall Juſtice reign:
3 The Land with Diſcord ſhakes, but I
the ſinking Frame ſuſtain.
4 Deluded Wretches I adviſ'd
their Errors to redreſs,
And warn'd bold Sinners that they ſhould
their ſwelling Pride ſuppreſs.
5 Bear not your ſelves ſo high, as if
no Pow'r could yours reſtrain,
Submit your ſtubborn Necks and learn
to ſpeak with leſs Diſdain.
6 For that Promotion, which to gain
your vain Ambition ſtrives,
From neither Eaſt nor Weſt, nor yet
from Southern Climes arrives.
7 For God the great Diſpoſer is,
and Sov'reign Judge alone,

Who

Who casts the proud to Earth, and lifts
the humble to a Throne.

8 His hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd,
The deadly Mixture which his Wrath
deals out to Nations round.
Of this his Saints sometimes may taste,
but wicked Men shall squeeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very Lees.

9 His Prophet, I, to all the World
this Message will relate;
The Justice then of *Jacob*'s God
my Song shall celebrate.
10 The wicked's Pride I will reduce.
their Cruelty disarm,
Exalt the Just, and seat him high,
above the reach of Harm.

Psalm LXXVI.

1 IN *Judah* the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by Wonders shown)
His Name in *Jacob* does excel:
2 His Sanctuary in *Salem* stands,
The Majesty that Heav'n commands,
In *Sion* condescends to dwell.

3 He brake the Bow and Arrows there.
The Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,
There slain the mighty Army lay,
4 Whence *Sion*'s Fame thro' Earth is spread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread (Prey,
Than Hills, where Robbers lodge their

5 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful Foil:
Securely down to Sleep they lay,
But wak'd no more, their stouteſt Band
Ne'er lifted one resisting hand
'Gainst his that did their Legions slay.

6 When *Jacob*'s God began to frown,
Both Horse and Charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless Night:
7 When thou, whom Heav'n and Earth revere,
Dost once with wrathful Looks appear,
What mortal Pow'r can stand thy Sight?

8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its
Doom, (come,
Grew hush'd with Fear when thou did'st
9 The Meek with Justice to restore,

10 The Wrath of Man ſhall yield Thee Praiſe,
Its laſt Attempts but ſerve to raiſe
The Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r.

11 Vow to the Lord, ye Nations bring
Vow'd Preſents to th' eternal King.
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay.
12 Who proudeſt Potentates can quell.
To Earthly Kings more terrible
Than to their trembling Subjects They.

Pſalm LXXVII.

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my Help
did graciouſly repair;
2 In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought
my God with humble Pray'r.
All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run,
no Med'cine gave Relief,
My Soul no Comfort would admit,
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.

3 I thought on God and Favours paſt,
but that increas'd my Pain,
I found my Spirit more oppreſt,
the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night
thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake,
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs,
I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak.

5 I call to mind the Days of Old,
with ſignal Mercy crown'd,
Thoſe famous Years of ancient times,
for Miracles renown'd.
6 By Night I recollect my Songs
on former Triumphs made;
Then ſearch, conſult and aſk my heart,
where's now that wond'rous Aid?

7 Has God for ever caſt us off,
withdrawn his Favour quite?
8 Are both his Mercy and his Truth
retir'd to endleſs Night?
9 Can his long-practis'd Love forget
its wonted Aids to bring?
Has he in Wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
his Mercy's healing Spring?

10 I ſaid my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears,
but I'll my Fears diſband;
Will yet remember the moſt high,
and Years of his Right-hand.
11 I'll call to Mind his Works of Old,
the Wonders of his Might;

12 On them my Heart shall meditate,
my Tongue shall them recite.

13 Safe lodg'd from humane Search, on high
O God thy Counsels are,
Who is so great a God as ours?
who can with him compare?

14 Long since a God of Wonders thee,
thy rescu'd People found,

15 Long since hast thou thy chosen Seed
with strong Deliv'rance crown'd.

16 When thee, O God the Waters saw,
the frighted Billows shrunk
The troubled Depths themselves for Fear,
beneath their Channels sunk (Skie

17 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending
did with their Noise conspire,
Thy Arrows all abroad were sent,
wing'd with avenging Fire.

18 Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,
whilst all the lower World seem'd
With Lightnings blaz'd, Earth shook, and
from her Foundations hurl'd. (way,

19 Thro' rowling Streams thou find'st thy
thy Paths in Waters lie:
Thy wond'rous Passage where no Sight
thy Footsteps can descry.

20 Thou ledst thy People, like a Flock,
safe through the Desart Land.
By *Moses*, their meek skilful Guide,
and *Aaron's* sacred hand.

Psalm LXXVIII.

1 HEar, O my People, to my Law
devout Attention lend,
Let the Instructions of my Mouth
deep in your Hearts descend.

2 My Tongue, by Inspiration taught,
shall Parables unfold,
Dark Oracles, but understood
and own'd for Truths of Old.

3 Which we from sacred Registers
of ancient times have known,
And our Forefathers pious Care
to us has handed down.

4 We will not hide them from our Sons;
our Offspring shall be taught
The Praises of the Lord, whose Strength
has works of wonders wrought.

5 For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,
this League with *Isr'el* made:

With charge to be from Age to Age,
from Race to Race, convey'd.
6 That Generations yet to come
should to their unborn Heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
and they again to theirs.

7 To teach 'em, that in God alone
their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his works forget,
but keep his just Commands.
8 Lest, like their Fathers, they might prove
a stiff rebellious Race,
False-hearted, fickle to their God,
unstedfast in his Grace.

9 Such were revolting *Ephraim's* Sons,
who tho' to Warfare bred,
And skilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
from Field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falsify'd their League with God,
his Orders disobey'd;
Forgot his Works and Miracles
before their Eyes display'd.

12 Nor Wonders, which their Fathers saw,
did they in Mind retain;
Prodigious things in *Egypt* done,
and *Zoan's* fertile plain.
13 He cut the Seas to let 'em pass,
restrain'd the pressing Flood,
While, pil'd on heaps, on either Side,
the solid Waters stood.

14 A wond'rous Pillar led them on,
compos'd of Shade and Light;
A shelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
a leading Fire by Night.
15 When Drought oppress't 'em, where no (Stream
the Wilderness supply'd.
He cleft the Rock, whose flinty Breast
dissolv'd into a Tide.

16 Streams from the solid Rock he brought,
which down in Rivers fell,
That trav'lling with their Camp each Day,
renew'd the Miracle.
17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more,
provoking the most high,
In that same Desart where he did
their fainting Souls supply.

18 They first incens'd him in their Hearts,
that did his Pow'r distrust;

And

And long'd for Meat not urg'd by want,
but to indulge their Luſt.
19 Then utter'd their blaſpheming doubts:
'Can God, ſay they, prepare
'A Table in the Wilderneſs,
'ſet out with various Fare?
20 'He ſmote the flinty Rock ('tis true)
'and guſhing Streams enſu'd,
'But can he Corn and Fleſh provide
'for ſuch a Multitude?
21 The Lord with Indignation heard
from Heav'n avenging Flame
On *Jacob* fell, conſuming Wrath
on thankleſs *Iſr'el* came.
22 Becauſe their unbelieving Hearts
in God would not confide.
Nor truſt his Care who had from Heav'n
their wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
23 Tho' he had made his Clouds diſcharge
proviſions down in Show'rs;
And when Earth fail'd reliev'd their Needs
from his celeſtial Stores.
24 Tho' tafteful Manna was rain'd down,
their hunger to relieve,
Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did
ſuſtaining Corn receive.
25 Thus Man with Angels ſacred Food,
ingrateful Man! was fed,
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found
a plenteous Table ſpread.
26 From Heav'n he made an Eaſt-wind blow,
then did the South command,
27 To rain down Fleſh, like Duſt and fowls
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.
28 Within their Trenches he let fall
the luſcious eaſy prey,
And all around their ſpreading Camp
the ready Booty lay.
29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em Leave
their Appetites to feaſt;
30, 31 Yet ſtill their wanton Luſt crav'd on,
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.
But whilſt in their luxurious Mouths,
they did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God ſmote down their Chiefs,
and *Iſr'el's* Choſen ſlew.

PART II.

32 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd nor would afford
his Miracles Belief;

33 Therefore thro' fruitless Travels he
consum'd their Lives in Grief
34 When some were slain, the rest return'd
to God with early Cry,
35 Own'd him the Rock of their Defence,
their Saviour God most high.
36 But this was feign'd Submission all,
their Heart their Tongue bely'd;
37 Their Heart was still perverse, nor wou'd
firm in his League abide.
38 Yet, full of Mercy, he forgave,
nor did with Death chastise;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aside,
or would not let it rise.
39 For he remember'd they were Flesh
that could not long remain,
A murm'ring Wind that quickly past,
and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
how oft his Patience grieve,
In that same Desart where he did
their fainting Souls relieve?
41 They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd;
When *Israel's* God refus'd to be
by their Desires confin'd.
42 Nor call to Mind the Hand and Day
that their Redemption brought:
43 His Signs in *Egypt*, won'drous Works
in *Zoan's* Valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
that Man and beast forbore,
And rather chose to die of Thirst,
than drink the putrid Gore.
45 He sent devouring Swarms of Flies;
hoarse Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
46 Locusts and Caterpillars reap'd
the harvest of their Toil.
47 Their Vines with battering hail were broke
with Frost the Fig-Tree dies:
48 Lightning and Hail made Flocks and Herds
one gen'ral Sacrifice.
49 He turn'd his Anger loose, and set
no time for it to cease;
And with their Plagues ill Angels sent,
their Torments to increase.
50 He clear'd a Passage for his wrath
to ravage uncontroul'd,
The Murrain on their Firstlings seiz'd
in ev'ry Field and Fold. 51 The

51 The deadly Peſt from Beaſt to Man,
from Field to City came,
It ſlew their heirs, their eldeſt hopes,
thro' all the Tents of *Ham*.

52 But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,
he brought from their Diſtreſs;
And them conducted like a Flock,
throughout the Wilderneſs.

53 He led 'em on, and in their way
no cauſe of Fear they found:
But march'd ſecurely through thoſe Deeps
in which their Foes were drown'd.

54 Nor ceas'd his Care 'till them he brought
ſafe to his promis'd Land,
And to his holy Mount the Price
of his victorious hand.

55 To them the out-caſt Heathens Land
he did by Lot divide;
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents
made *Iſr'el's* Tribes reſide.

PART III.

56 Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the Wrath of God moſt high,
Nor would to practiſe his Commands
their ſtubborn Hearts apply.

57 But in their faithleſs Father's Steps
perverſely choſe to go;
They turn'd aſide, like Arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful Bow.

58 For him to Fury they provok'd
with Altars ſet on high,
And with their graven Images
inflam'd his Jealouſy.

59 When God heard this, on *Iſr'el* Tribes
his Wrath and Hatred fell.

60 He quitted *Shilo* and the Tents
where once he choſe to dwell.

61 To vile Captivity his Ark,
his Glory to diſdain.

62 His People to the Sword he gave,
not would his Wrath reſtrain.

63 Deſtructive War their ableſt Youth
untimely did confound,
No Virgin was to th' Altar led,
with nuptial Garlands crown'd.

64 In Fight the Sacrificer fell,
the Prieſt a Victim bled,
And Widows, who their Death ſhould mourn,
themſelves of Grief were dead.

65 Then, as a Giant rowz'd from Sleep,
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud; the Lord awak'd,
and his proud Foe alarm'd.

66 He smote their Host that from the Field
a scatter'd Remnant came.
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs,
of everlasting Shame.

67 With Conqueſt crown'd he *Joſeph's* Tents
and *Ephraim's* Tribe forſook,

68 But *Judah* choſe, and *Sion's* Mount
for his lov'd Dwelling took.

69 His Temple he erected there,
with Spires exalted high,
While deep and fix'd as that of Earth,
the ſtrong Foundations lie.

70 His faithful Servant *David* too
he for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheepfolds him advanc'd
to ſit on *Judah's* Throne.

71 From tending on the teeming Ewes,
he brought him forth to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes
of *Iſrael's* choſen Seed.

72 Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd
a faithful Shepherd ſtill,
He fed them with an upright heart,
and guided them with Skill.

Pſalm LXXIX.

1 BEhold, O God how Heath'n hoſts
have thy Poſſeſſion ſeiz'd:
Thy ſacred houſe they have defil'd,
the holy City raz'd.

2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints
abroad unbury'd lay;
Their Fleſh expos'd to ſavage Beaſts,
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.

3 Quite thro' *Jeruſalem* was their Blood,
like common Water ſhed,
And none were left alive to pay
laſt Duties to the Dead.

4 The neighb'ring Lands our ſmall Remains
with loud Reproaches wound,
And we a Laughing-ſtock are made
to all the Nations round.

5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
muſt we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,
like Fire, for ever burn?

6. Oh

6 Our foreign Lands, that know not thee,
thy heavy Vengeance show'r:
Thoſe ſinful Kingdoms let it cruſh,
that have not own'd thy Pow'r:
7 For their devouring Jaws have prey'd
on *Jacob's* choſen Race.
And to a barren Deſart turn'd
their fruitful Dwelling-place.
8 O think not on our former Sins,
but ſpeedily prevent
The utter Ruin of thy Saints,
almoſt with Sorrow ſpent!
9 Thou, God of our Salvation, help,
and free our Souls from blame:
So ſhall our Pardon and Defence
exalt thy glorious Name.
10 Let Infidels that ſcoffing ſay,
where is the God they boaſt?
In Vengeance for thy ſlaughter'd Saints,
perceive thee to their Coſt.
11 Lord, hear the ſighing Priſoners Moan,
thy ſaving Pow'r extend,
Preſerve the Wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely End.
12 On them, who us oppreſs let all
our Sufferings be repaid;
Make their Confuſion ſev'n times more
than what on us they laid.
13 So we, thy People and thy Flock,
ſhall ever praiſe thy Name.
And with glad hearts our grateful Thanks
from Age to Age proclaim.

Pſalm LXXX.

1 O *Iſr'el's* Shepherd, *Joſeph's* Guide.
Our Pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear,
Thou that doſt on the Cherubs ride,
Again in ſolemn State appear:
2 Behold how *Benjamin* expects,
With *Ephraim* and *Manaſſeh* join'd,
In our Deliv'rance the Effects
Of thy reſiſtleſs Strength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay:
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.
4 O thou, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy ſuff'ring people pray,
And to their Pray'rs have no Return?

5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our ſcanty Food in Floods of Woe:
When dry, our raging Thirſt we quench
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.
6 For us the heathen Nations round,
As for a common prey conteſt:
Our Foes with ſpiteful Joy abound,
And at our loſt Condition jeſt.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy face diſplay:
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'ſt a Vine from *Egypt's* Land;
And caſting out the heathen Race,
Didſt plant it with thy own Right-hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.
9 Before it thou prepar'd'ſt the way,
And mad'ſt it take a laſting Root,
Which, bleſt with thy indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land did widely ſhoot.
10, 11 The hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Its goodly Boughs did Cedars ſeem:
Its Branches to the Sea were ſpread,
And reach'd to proud *Euphrates* Stream.
12 Why then haſt thou its hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou had'ſt made ſo firm and ſtrong:
Whilſt all its Grapes defenceleſs grown,
Are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along?
13 See how the briſtling Foreſt-Boar
With dreadful fury lays it waſte:
Hark how the ſavage Monſters roar,
And to their helpleſs Prey make haſte.

PART III.

14 To thee, O God of Hoſts, we pray,
Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord renew:
From Heav'n thy Throne, this Vine ſurvey,
And her ſad State with pity view.
15 Behold the Vineyard made by thee
Which thy Right-hand did guard ſo long:
And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
16 To waſting Flames 'tis made a prey,
And all its ſpreading Boughs cut down,
At thy Rebuke they ſoon decay,
And periſh at thy dreadful Frown.
17 Crown thou the King with good Succeſs,
By thy Right-hand ſecur'd from wrong:
The Son of Man in Mercy bleſs,
Whom for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

18 So shall we still continue free
From whatsoe'er deserves thy Blame:
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praise thy holy Name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Lustre of thy face display;
And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

Psalm LXXXI.

1 TO God, our never-failing Strength,
with loud Applauses sing:
And jointly make a chearful Noise
to *Jacob's* awful King.
2 Compose a Hymn of Praise, and touch
your Instruments of Joy:
Let Psalteries and pleasant Harps
your grateful Skill employ.
3 Let Trumpets at the great new Moon
their joyful Voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
the solemn Day of praise.
4 For this a Statute was of old,
which *Jacob's* God decreed,
To be with pious Care observ'd
by *Israel's* chosen Seed.
5 This he for a Memorial fix'd,
when freed from *Egypt's* Land,
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard
but could not understand.
6 " Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd;
(thus seems our God to say)
" Your servile hands by me were freed
" from lab'ring in the Clay.
7 " Your Ancestors, with wrongs oppress,
" to me for Aid did call;
" With pity their Sufferings saw,
" and set them free from all.
" They sought for me, and from the Cloud
" in Thunder I reply'd;
" At *Meribah's* contentious Stream
" their Faith and Duty try'd.

PART II.

8 " While I my solemn will declare,
" my chosen People, hear,
" If thou, O *Israel* to my words
" wilt lend thy list'ning Ear.
9 " Then shall no God besides thy self
" within thy Coasts be found;

" Nor

" Nor shalt thou worship any God
" of all the Nations round.

10 " The Lord thy God am I, who thee
" brought forth from *Egypt*'s Land;
" 'Tis I that all thy just Desires
" supply with lib'ral hand.

11 " But they, my chosen Race, refus'd
" to hearken to my voice;
" Nor would rebellious *Isr'el*'s Son
" make me their happy Choice.

12 So I provok'd, resign them up
to ev'ry Lust a prey;
And in their own perverse designs,
permitted them to stray.

13 O that my People wisely would
my just Commandments heed!
And *Isr'el* in my righteous ways
with pious Care proceed!

14 Then should my heavy Judgments fall
on all that them oppose,
And my avenging hand be turn'd
against their num'rous Foes.

15 Their Enemies and mine should all
before my Footstool bend:
But as for them, their happy State
should never know an End.

16 All parts with plenty should abound,
with finest Wheat their Field;
The barren Rocks, to please their Taste,
should richest Honey yield.

Psalm LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great Assembly stands,
where his impartial Eye
In State surveys the earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.

2, 3 How dare you then unjustly Judge,
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans and the Poor,
let such your Justice find.

4 Protect the humble helpless Man,
reduc'd to deep Distress,
And let not him become a prey
to such as would oppress.

5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and stray:
Justice and Truth the World supports,
shou'd all the Land decay.

6 Well,

6 Well then may God in Anger say,
" I've call'd you by my Name.
" I've said ye are Gods, and all ally'd
" to the most High in Fame.
7 " But ne'erthaleſs your unjuſt Deeds
" to ſtrict Account I'll call;
" You all ſhall die like common Men,
" like other Tyrants fall.
8 Ariſe, and thy juſt Judgment, Lord,
throughout the Earth diſplay,
And all the Nations of the World
ſhall own thy righteous Sway.

Pſalm LXXXIII.

1 HOld not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
no longer ſilent be,
Nor with conſenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly ſee.
2 For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
o'er all the Land are ſpread,
And thoſe who hate thy Saints and thee,
lift up their threat'ning head.
3 Againſt thy zealous People, Lord,
they craftily combine,
And to deſtroy thy choſen Saints,
have laid their cloſe Deſign.
4 " Come, let us cut them off ſay they,
" their Nation quite deface,
" That no Remembrance may remain
" of *Iſr'el*'s hated Race.
5 Thus they againſt thy People's Peace
conſult with one Conſent,
And diff'ring Nations, jointly leagu'd,
their common Malice vent.
6 The *Iſhm'elites* that dwell in Tents,
with warlike *Edom* join'd;
And *Moab*'s Sons our Ruin vow,
with *Hagar*'s Race combin'd.
7 Proud *Ammon*'s Offspring, *Gebal* too,
with *Amalek* conſpire,
The Lord of *Paleſtine*, and all
the wealthy Sons of *Tyre*:
8 All theſe the ſtrong *Aſſyrian* King
their firm Ally have got,
Who with a powerful Army aids
th' inceſtuous Race of *Lot*.

PART II.

9 But let ſuch Vengeance come to them,
as once to *Midian* came,
To *Jabin*, and proud *Siſera*,
at *Kiſhon*'s fatal Stream.

10 When thy right Hand their num'rous Hoſts
near *Endor* did confound,
And left their Carcaſſes for Dung
to feed the hungry Ground.

11 Let all their mighty Men the Fate
of *Zeb* and *Horeb* ſhare,
As *Zebah* and *Zalmanah*, ſo
Let all their Princes fare,

12 Who, with the ſame Deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
"In firm Poſſeſſion for our ſelves,
"let us God's Houſes take.

13 To Ruin let them haſte like Wheels,
which downwards ſwiftly move;
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all
their ſcatter'd Forces prove.

14, 15 As Flames conſume dry Wood or Heath,
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
So let thy fierce purſuing Wrath
with Terror ſtrike thy Foes.

16, 17 Lord, ſhroud their Faces with Diſgrace,
that they may own thy Name;
Or them confound whoſe harden'd Hearts
thy gentle Means diſclaim.

18 So ſhall the wond'ring World confeſs,
that thou who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth
haſt rais'd thy lofty Throne.

Pſalm LXXXIV.

1 O God of Hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the place
Where thou enthron'd in Glory, ſhew'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face!

2 My longing Soul faints with Deſire
to view thy bleſs'd Abode,
My panting Heart and Fleſh cry out
for thee the living God.

3 The Birds more happy far than I,
around thy Temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
ſecurely hatch their young.

4 O Lord of Hoſts my King and God,
how highly bleſs'd are they
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praiſe diſplay!

5 Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice has thee
their ſure Protection made
Who long to tread the ſacred ways
that to thy dwelling lead.

6 Who

6 Who pass thro' *Baca's* thirsty Vale,
yet no Refreshments want,
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which thou
at their Requests dost grant.

7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
and still approach more near,
'Till all on *Sion's* holy Mount,
before their God appear.

8 O Lord the mighty God of Hosts,
my just Request regard,
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r,
be still with Favour heard.

9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
can'st timely Aid dispense
On thy anointed Servant look,
be thou his strong Defence:

10 For in thy Courts one single Day,
'tis better to attend
Than, Lord, in any place besides
a thousand Days to spend.
Much rather in God's house will I
the meanest Office take,
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin
my pompous Dwelling make.

11 For God is both our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give,
And no good thing will he with-hold
from them that justly live.

12 Thou God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
how highly blest is he,
Whose Hope and Trust, securely plac'd,
is still repos'd on thee?

Psalm LXXXV.

1 LOrd, thou hast granted to thy Land
the Favours we implor'd,
And faithful *Jacob's* captive Race
hast graciously restor'd.

2, 3 Thy People's Sins thou hast forgiv'n,
and all their Guilt defac'd,
Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger last.

4 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn,
That quench'd with our repenting Tears,
thy wrath no more may burn.

5, 6 For why shouldst thou be angry still,
and wrath so long retain?
Revive us Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted Comfort gain.

7 Thy

7 Thy gracious Favour Lord, display,
which we have long implor'd;
And for thy word's us Mercies ſake,
thy wonted Aid afford.
8 God's Anſwer patiently I'll wait,
for he, with glad Succeſs,
(if they no more to Folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bleſs.
9 To all that fear his holy Name,
his ſure Salvation's near,
And in its former happy State,
our Nation ſhall appear.
10 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd,
and Righteouſneſs with Peace,
Like kind Companions abſent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.
11 12 Truth from the Earth ſhall ſpring whilſt Heav'n
ſhall Streams of Juſtice pour;
And God, from whom all Goodneſs flows,
ſhall endleſs Plenty ſhow'r.
13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall march,
and his juſt Paths prepare,
Whilſt we his holy Steps purſue,
with conſtant Zeal and Care.

Pſalm LXXXVI.

1 TO my Complaint O Lord my God,
thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſs'd, and deſtitute
of all Relief, but thine.
2, 3 Do thou, O God, preſerve my Soul,
that does thy name adore;
Thy Servant keep, and him, whoſe Truſt
relies on thee, reſtore.
To me, who daily thee invoke,
thy Mercy, Lord, extend:
4 Refreſh thy Servant's Soul, whoſe Hopes
on thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good; not only good,
but prompt to Pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all thoſe
who for thy Mercy ſue.
6 To my repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be.
7 When troubled, I on thee will call,
for thou wilt anſwer me.
8 Among the Gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine:
To thee as much inferior they,
as are their Works to thine.

9 Therefore their great Creator thee
the Nations shall adore;
Their long misguided Pray'rs and Praise,
to thy bless'd Name restore.
10 All shall confess thee great and great
the Wonders thou hast done:
Confess thee God, the God supreme;
confess thee God alone.

PART II.

11 Teach me thy Ways, O Lord, and I
from Truth shall ne'er depart:
In Rev'rence to thy sacred Name,
devoutly fix my Heart.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
praise thee in Heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting Name
eternal Trophies rear.
13 Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me,
transcends my Power to tell.
For thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul
from lowest Depths of Hell.
14 O God the Sons of Pride and Strife
have my Destruction sought,
Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft
has my Deliv'rance wrought.
15 But thou, thy constant Goodness did'st
to my Assistance bring:
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
thou everlasting Spring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
to me thy Servant show;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me
thy Hand-maid's Son bestow.
17 Some signal give, which my proud Foes
may see with Shame and Rage,
When Thou, O Lord, for my Relief
and Comfort dost engage.

Psalm LXXXVII.

1 GOD's Temple crowns the holy Mount,
the Lord there condescends to dwell,
2 His *Sion's* Gates in his Account,
our *Isr'el's* fairest Tents excel.
3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O City of th' almighty King.
4 I'll mention *Rahab* with due praise,
in *Babylon's* Applauses join;
The Fame of *Ethiopia* raise,
with that of *Tyre* and *Palestine*.

And

And grant that ſome amongſt them born,
their Age and Country did adorn.
5 But ſtill of *Sion* I'll aver,
that many ſuch from her proceed:
Th' Almighty ſhall eſtabliſh her,
6 His gen'ral Liſt ſhall ſhew, when read,
that ſuch a Perſon there was born,
And ſuch did ſuch an Age adorn.
7 He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd
of ſuch as merit high Renown,
For Hand and Voice Muſicians ſkill'd,
and (her tranſcending Fame to crown)
Of ſuch ſhe ſhall Succeſſion bring,
like waters from a living Spring.

Pſalm LXXXVII.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By Day and Night addreſs my Cry;
2 Vouchſafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my Diſtreſs incline thine Ear.
3 For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade;
4 Like one whoſe ſtrength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the Dead.
5 Like thoſe who ſhrouded in the Grave,
From thee no more Remembrance have,
Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining Care,
6 Down to the Confines of Deſpair.
7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain;
Me all thy Mountain-waves have preſt,
Too weak alas, to bear the leaſt.
8 Remov'd from Friends I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A viſit will vouchſafe to me,
Confin'd paſt hopes of Liberty.
9 My Eyes from weeping never ceaſe;
They waſte, but ſtill my Griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I pray'd,
With out-ſtretch'd hands invok'd thy Aid.
10 Wilt thou by Miracle revive
The Dead, whom thou forſook'ſt alive?
From Death reſtore, thy Praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from Priſon would'ſt not bring?
11 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confeſs?
A mold'ring Tomb thy Faithfulneſs?
12 Thy Truth and Pow'r renown obtain,
where Darkneſs and Oblivion reign?
13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn;

14 Why haſt thou, Lord, my Soul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious Look?
15 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown;
Thy Terrors paſt diſtract my Mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.
16 Thy wrath haſt burſt upon my head,
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
17 Environ'd as with waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18 My Lovers Friends, Familiars all,
Remov'd from Sight, and out of Call,
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

Pſalm LXXXIX.

1 THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song,
my Song on them ſhall ever dwell,
To Ages yet unborn, my Tongue
thy never-failing Truth ſhall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain,
thy Mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain,
like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.
3 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's voice,
'with *David* I a League hath made,
'To him my Servant, and my Choice,
'by ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd:
4 'While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,
'thy Seed ſhall in my Sight remain,
'To them thy Throne I will enſure,
'they ſhall to endleſs Ages reign.
5 For ſuch ſuperdious Truth and Love,
both Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes owe
By Choirs of Angles ſung above,
and by aſſembled Saints below.
6 What Seraph of Celeſtial Birth,
to vie with *Iſr'el*'s God ſhall dare?
Or who among the Gods of Earth,
with our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With Rev'rence and religious Dread,
his Saints ſhall to his Temple preſs,
His fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread,
Who his Almighty Name confeſs.
8 Lord God of Armies, who can boaſt
of Strength or Pow'r like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a numerous faithful Hoſt
as that which does thy Throne ſurround?
9 Thou doſt the lawleſs Sea controul,
and change the proſpect of the deep:

Thou

Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows rowl,
thou mak'ſt the rowling Billows ſleep,
10 Thou brak'ſt in pieces *Rahab*'s Pride,
and didſt oppreſſing Pow'r diſarm;
Thy ſcatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
the force of thy reſiſtleſs Arm.

11 In thee the ſov'reign Right remains
of Earth and Heav'n; thee, Lord, alone,
The World, and all that it contains,
their Maker and Preſerver own.
12 The Poles on which the Globe does reſt,
were form'd by thy creating Voice,
Taber and *Hermon*, Eaſt and Weſt,
in thy ſuſtaining Pow'r rejoyce.

13 Thy Arm is mighty, ſtrong thy Hand,
yet Lord, thou doſt with Juſtice reign;
14 Poſſeſs'd of abſolute Command,
thou Truth and Mercy doſt maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
thy ſacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Feſtivals appear
with thy moſt glorious Preſence crown'd.

16 Thy Saints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd,
who on thy ſacred Name rely,
And in thy Righteouſneſs employ'd,
above their Foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy Strength they ſhall advance,
whoſe Conqueſts from thy favour ſpring.
18 The Lord of Hoſts is our Defence,
and *Iſr'el*'s God our *Iſr'el*'s King.

19 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice,
'A mighty Champion I will ſend;
'From *Judah*'s Tribe have I made choice
'of one who ſhall the reſt defend.
20 'My Servant *David* I have found,
'with holy Oil anointed him.
21 'Him ſhall the Hand ſupport that crown'd,
'and guard that gave the Diadem.

22 'No Prince from him ſhall Tribute force,
'no Son of Strife ſhall him annoy:
23 'His ſpiteful Foes I will diſperſe,
'and them before his face deſtroy.
24 'My Truth and Grace ſhall him ſuſtain,
'his Armies in well order'd Ranks,
25 'Shall conquer from the *Tyrian* main,
'to *Tygris* and *Euphrates* Banks.

26 'Me for his Father he ſhall take,
'his God and Rock of Safety call;

27 'Him

27 'Him I my first-born Son will make,
'and earthly Kings his Subjects all.
28 'To him my Mercy I'll secure,
'my Cov'nant make for ever fast;
29 'His Seed for ever shall endure,
'his Throne 'till Heav'n dissolves, shall last.

PART II.

30 'But if his Heirs my Law forsake,
'and from my sacred Precepts stray;
31 'If they my righteous Statutes break,
'nor strictly my Commands obey,
32 'Their sins I'll visit with a Rod,
'and for their Folly make them smart:
33 'Yet will not cease to be their God,
'nor from my Truth like them depart.
34 'My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
'but in Remembrance fast retain:
'The thing that once my Lips have spoke,
'shall in eternal Force remain.
35 'Once have I sworn, but once for all,
'and made my Holiness the Tie,
'That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
'nor to my Servant *David* lie.
36 'Whose Throne and Race the constant Sun,
'shall like his Course, establish'd see:
37 'Of this my Oath, thou conscious Moon,
'In Heav'n my faithful witness be.
38 Such was thy gracious Promise, Lord,
but thou hast now our Tribes forsook:
Thy own Anointed hast abhorr'd,
and turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.
39 Thou seemest to have render'd void
the Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
Thou hast his Dignity destroy'd,
and in the Dust his honour laid.
40 Of strong Holds thou hast him bereft,
and brought his Bulwarks to decay,
41 His frontier Coasts defenceless left,
a publick Scorn, and common Prey.
42 His Ruin does glad Triumph yield
to Foes advanc'd by thee to Might;
43 Thou hast his conqu'ring Sword unsteel'd,
his Valour turn'd to shameful flight;
44 His Glory is to Darkness fled,
his Throne is levell'd with the Ground:
45 His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
with shame o'erwhelm'd & sorrow drown'd.
46 How long shall we thy Absence mourn?
wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?

Shall

Shall thy consuming Anger burn
'till that and we at once expire?
47 Consider, Lord, how short a Space
thou dost for mortal Life ordain,
No method to prolong the Race,
but loading it with Grief and Pain?
48 What man is he that can controul
Death's strict unalterable Doom?
Or rescue from the Grave his Soul,
the Grave that must Mankind entomb?
49 Lord where's thy Love, thy boundless Grace,
the Oaths to which thy Truth did seal,
Consign'd to *David* and his Race,
the Grant which Time should ne'er repeal?
50 See how thy Servants treated are
with Infamy, Reproach and Spite
Which in my silent Breast I bear
from Nations of licentious Might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great Name,
have made thy Servant's hope their Jest:
52 Yet thy just Praises we'll proclaim,
and ever sing, *The Lord be blest.*

Amen, Amen.

Psalm XC.

1 O Lord, the Saviour and Defence
of us thy chosen Race,
From Age to Age thou still hast been
our sure abiding place.
2 Before thou brought'st the Mountains forth,
or th' Earth and World didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the same.
3 Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,
of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the Word *Return*,
'tis instantly obey'd.
4 For in thy Sight a thousand Years
are like a Day that's past,
Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,
whose Hours unminded waste.
5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a Flood;
we vanish hence like Dreams;
At first we grow like Grass that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams.
6 But howsoever fresh and fair
its Morning-Beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,
before the Ev'ning close.

7, 8 We

7, 8 We by thine Anger are consum'd,
and by thy Wrath dismay'd:
Our publick Crimes and secret Sins,
before thy Sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy Anger's sad Effects,
our drooping Days we spend:
Our unregarded Years break off,
like Tales that quickly end.
10 Our Term of Time is seventy Years,
an Age that few survive,
But if, with more than common Strength,
to eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boasted Strength decays,
to Sorrow turn'd, and Pain:
So soon the slender Thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects
does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy Wrath does fall or rise,
as more or less we fear.
12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum
of our short Days to mind
That to true Wisdom all our Hearts
may ever be inclin'd.
13 O, to thy Servants, Lord, return,
and speedily relent;
As we forsake our Sins, do thou
revoke our Punishment.
14 To satisfie and chear our Souls,
thy early Mercy send,
That we may all our Days to come
in Joy and Comfort spend.
15 Let happy times, with large amends,
dry up our former Tears,
Or equal at the least the Term
of our afflicted Years.
16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous Works be known:
And to our Offspring yet unborn,
thy glorious Pow'r be shown.
17 Let thy bright Rays upon us shine;
give thou our Work Success:
The glorious Work we have in hand,
do thou vouchsafe to bless.

Psalm XCI.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's Shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide:

2 Thus

2 Thus to my Soul, of him I'll say,
He is my Fortress and my Stay,
My God, in whom I will confide,
3 His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noisome Pestilence:
4 He over thee his Wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
His Truth shall be thy strong Defence.

5 No Terrors that surprize by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day,
6 Nor Plague of unknown Rise that kills
In Darkness, nor infectious Ills,
That in the hottest Season slay.

7 A thousand at thy Side shall die,
At thy Right-hand ten thousand lie;
While thy firm health untouch'd remain:
8 Thou only shalt look on and see
The Wicked's dismal Tragedy,
And count the Sinner's mournful Gains,

9 Because with well-plac'd Confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure Defence,
And on the highest dost rely;
10 Therefore no Ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling shall
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.

11 For he, throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee safe in all thy Ways,
Shall give his Angel strict Commands;
12 And they, lest thou should chance to meet
With some rough Stone to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their Hands.

13 Dragons and Asps, that thirst for Blood,
And Lyons roaring for their Food
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet shall lie,
14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (says God) I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious Throne on high.

15 He'll call, I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when Ill befalls;
Increase his Honour and his Wealth;
16 And when with undisturb'd Content,
His long and happy Life is spent,
His End I'll crown with saving health.

Psalm XCII.

1 HOW good and pleasant must it be
to thank the Lord most high?

And

And with repeated Hymns of Praise,
his Name to magnify?
2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
his Goodness to relate;
And of his constant Truth, each Night
the glad Effects repeat.
3 To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing,
with tuneful Psalt'ries join'd,
And to the Harp with solemn Sounds,
for sacred Use design'd.
4 For thro' thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,
thou mak'st my Heart rejoyce:
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
and shout with chearful Voice.
5, 6 How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord!
how deep are thy Decrees!
Whose winding Tracts in Secret laid,
no stupid Sinner sees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked Men,
like Grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd Splendor must
for ever pass away.
8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high
and all thy lofty Foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
shall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
10 Whil'st thou exalt'st my sov'reign Pow'r,
and mak'st it largely spread,
And with refreshing Oil anoint'st
my consecrated Head.
11 I soon shall see my stubborn Foes
to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the dismal End of those
who have against me fought.
12 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
shall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that on *Lebanon*
in stately Order grow.
13, 14 These planted in the House of God,
within his Courts shall thrive;
Their Vigour and their Lustre both
shall in old Age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his Justice shew,
and God my strong Defence,
Shall due Rewards to all the World
impartially dispense.

Psalm XCIII.

1 WIth Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
the Lord that o'er all Nature reigns,

The World's Foundation strongly laid,
and the vast Fabrick still sustains.
2 How sure establish'd is thy Throne,
which shall no Change, or Period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
art God from all Eternity.
3, 4 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
and tost the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can still their Noise,
and make the angry Sea comply.
5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
and they that in thy House would dwell,
That happy Station to secure,
must still in Holiness excel.

Psalm XCIV.

1, 2 O God, to whom Revenge belongs,
thy Vengeance now disclose;
Arise, thou judge of all the Earth,
and crush thy haughty Foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful Men
their solemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boast,
and insolently speak?
5, 6 Not only they thy Saints oppress,
but unprovok'd, they spill
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,
and helpless Orphans kill.
7 And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,
(profanely thus they speak)
Nor any Notice of our Deeds
the God of Jacob take.
8 At length, ye stupid Fools, your Wants
endeavour to discern;
In Folly will you still proceed,
and Wisdom never learn?
9, 10 Can he be deaf, who form'd the Ear,
or blind, who fram'd the Eye;
Shall Earth's great Judge not punish those,
who to Known Will defy?
11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
to him their Hearts lie bare;
His Eye-surveys them all, and sees
how vain their Counsels are.

PART II.

12 Blest'd is the Man whom thou, O Lord,
in Kindness dost chastise;
And by thy sacred Rules to walk,
dost lovingly advise.
13 This Man shall Rest and Safety find
in Seasons of Distress,

Whilst

Whilſt God prepares a Pit for thoſe
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.

14 For God will never from his Saints
his Favour wholly take:
His own Poſſeſſion and his Lot
he will not quite forſake.

15 The World ſhall then confeſs thee juſt
in all that thou haſt done:
And thoſe that chuſe thy upright Ways,
ſhall in thoſe Paths go on.

16 Who will appear in my behalf,
when wicked Men invade?
Or who, when Sinners would oppreſs,
my righteous Cauſe ſhall plead?

17, 18, 19 Long ſince had I in Silence ſlept,
but that the Lord was near
To ſtay me when I ſlept, when ſad,
my troubled Heart to chear.

20 Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful Throne ſuſtain,
Who make the Law a fair pretence,
their wicked Ends to gain?

21 Againſt the Lives of righteous Men,
they from their cloſe Deſign,
And Blood of Innocents to ſpill,
in ſolemn League combine.

22 But my Defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord moſt high,
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.

23 The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill Deſigns
on their own Heads to fall,
He in their Sins ſhall cut them off:
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

Pſalm XCV.

1 O Come loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.

2 Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his Favours paſt:
To him addreſs in joyful Songs,
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State,
Is with unrivall'd Glory great,
A King ſuperior far to all,
Whom Gods the Heathen falſely call.

4 The Depths of Earth are in his hand,
Her ſecret Wealth at his Command,

The Strength of Hills that reach the Skies,
Subjected to his Empire lies.

5 The roaring Ocean's vaſt Abyſs,
By the ſame ſov'reign Right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.

6 O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His Flock and Paſture-ſheep are we;
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
To-Day, if you his Voice will hear;

8 Let not your harden'd Hearts renew
Your Father's Crimes and Judgments too:
Nor here provoke thy Wrath, as they
In deſart Plains of *Meribah*.

9 When thro' the Wilderneſs they rov'd!
And me with freſh Temptations prov'd;
They ſtill, thro' Unbelief rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.

10, 11 They forty Years my Patience griev'd,
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd;
Then---'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid,
Whoſe heart from me has always ſtray'd.

They ne'er will tread my righteous Paths
Therefore to them in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt I ſware
That they ſhould never enter there.

Pſalm XCVI.

1 SIng to the Lord a new-made Song;
Let Earth, in one aſſembled Throng,
Her common Patron's praiſe reſound.

2 Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his Name,
From Day to Day his praiſe proclaim.
Who us has with Salvation crown'd,

3 To heathen Lands his Fame rehearſe,
His Wonders to the Univerſe.

4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Majeſty and Glory rais'd,
Above all other Deities:

5 For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call:
He only rules, who made the Skies,

6 With Majeſty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne ſurround.

7 Be therefore both to him reſtor'd
By you, who have falſe Gods ador'd,
Aſcribe due Honour to his Name,

8 Peace-

8 Peace-off'rings on his Altars lay
Before his Throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim,
9 To worship at his sacred Court
Let all the trembling World resort.

10 Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,
Whose Pow'r the Universe sustains,
And banish'd Justice will restore;
11 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar;
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

12 For Joy let fertile Valleys sing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring,
The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,
13 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful State,
His Circuit thro' the Earth to take.
From Heav'n to Judge the World, he's come,
With Justice to reward and doom.

Psalm XCVII.

1 *Jehovah* reigns, let all the Earth
In his just Government rejoyce.
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,
in his Applause unite their Voice.
2 Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade
his dazling Glory shroud in State,
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,
and fix'd by his Pavillion wait.

3 Devouring Fire before his face
his Foes around with Vengeance strook;
4 His Lightnings set the World on Blaze,
Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.
5 The proudest Hills his Presence felt
their height nor strength could help afford;
The proudest hills like Wax did melt
in Presence of th' Almighty Lord.

6 The Heav'ns, his Righteousness to show,
with Storms of Fire our Foes pursu'd;
And all the trembling World below,
have his descending Glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious Hosts,
who make the God's to whom they pray:
All who of Pageant Idols boast,
to him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.

8 Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,
and *Judah*'s Daughters were o'erjoy'd,

Because thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
have Pagan Pride and Pow'r destroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art seated high,
above the Earth's Potentates enthron'd:
Thou Lord, unrivall'd, in the Sky,
supreme by all the Gods art own'd.
10 You who to serve this Lord aspire,
abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem:
He' keep his Servants Soul entire,
and them from wicked hands redeem.
11 For Seeds are sown of glorious Light,
a future harvest for the Just,
And Gladness for the heart that's right,
to recompence its pious Trust.
12 Rejoyce, ye Righteous, in the Lord,
memorials of his Holiness,
Deep in your faithful Breasts record,
and with your thankful Tongues confess.

Psalm XCVIII.

1 SIng to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wond'rous Things has done:
With his Right-hand and holy Arm,
the Conquest he has won.
2 The Lord has thro' th' astonish'd World
display'd his saving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear
in all the Heaven's Sight.
3 Of *Isr'el*'s House, his Love and Truth
hath ever mindful been:
Wide Earth's remotest Parts, the Pow'r
of *Isr'el*'s God have seen.
4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
their chearful Voices raise,
And all with universal Joy
resound their Maker's Praise.
5 With Harp and Hymns soft Melody
into the Consort bring,
6 The Trumpet and shrill Cornet's Sound,
before th' almighty King.
7 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain:
The Earth, and her Inhabitants,
join Consort with the Main.
8 With Joy let Riv'lets swell to Streams,
to spreading Torrents they,
And ecchoing Vales from hill to hill,
redoubled Shouts convey.
9 To welcome down the World's great Judge,
who does with Justice come,

And

And with impartial Equity,
both to reward and doom.

Psalm XCIX.

1 JEhovah reigns, let therefore all
the guilty Nations quake:
On Cherubs Wings he firs enthron'd,
let Earth's Foundations shake.
2 On *Sion*'s Hill he keeps his Court,
his Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
supreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.
3 Let therefore all with Praise address
his great and dreadful Name;
And with his unresisted Might,
his Holiness proclaim.
4 For Truth and Justice in his Reign,
of Strength and Pow'r take p'ace,
His Judgments are with Righteousness
dispens'd to *Jacob*'s Race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his Foot-stool fall,
And with his unresisted Might,
His Holiness extol.
6 *Moses* and *Aaron* thus of Old,
among the Priests ador'd:
Among his Prophets *Samuel* thus
his sacred Name implor'd.
Distress'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their Suit deny'd,
But as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
he graciously reply'd.
7 For, with their Camp, to guide their March
the cloudy Pillar mov'd;
They kept his Laws, and to his Will
obedient Servants prov'd.
8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft
his People for their Sake;
And those who rashly them oppos'd,
did sad Examples make.
9 With Worship at his sacred Courts,
exalt our God and Lord;
For he who only holy is,
alone shall be ador'd.

Psalm C.

1 WIth one Consent let all the Earth
to God their chearful Voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful Mirth,
and sing before him Songs of Praise:
2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
from whom both we and all proceed,

We, whom he chuſes for his own.
the Flock that he vouchſafes to feed,

4 O enter then his Temple-Gate,
thence to his Courts devourly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
and ſtill his Name with praiſes bleſs:
5 For he's the Lord ſupremely good,
his Mercy is for ever ſure;
His Truth, which always firmly ſtood,
to endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

Pſalm CI.

1 OF Mercy's never failing Spring,
And ſtedfaſt Judgment I will ſing.
And ſince they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, addreſs my Song.
2 When, Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs Life my ſelf I'll make
A Pattern for my Court to take.

3 No ill Deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my Fav'rites make that do:
4 Who to Reproof bears no Regard,
Him will I totally diſcard.
5 The private Slanderer ſhall be
In publick Juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortify the heart of Pride:

6 But Honeſty call'd from her Cell,
In Splendour at my Court ſhall dwell:
Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,
Shall have the firſt Preferments theſe.
7 No Politicks ſhall recommend
His Country's Foe to be my Friend:
None e'er ſhall to my Favour riſe
By flattering or malicious Lies.

8 All thoſe who wicked Courſes take,
An early Sacrifice I'll make:
Cut off, deſtroy, 'till none remain
God's holy City to prophane.

Pſalm CII.

1 WHen I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,
do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal Throne of Grace,
let my ſad Cry aſcend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious Face
in Time of deep Diſtreſs,
Incline thine Ear, and when I call,
my Sorrows ſoon redreſs.

3 Each cloudy Portion of my Life,
like ſcatter'd Smoke expires;
My ſhrivell'd Bones are like a Hearth
parch'd with continual Fires.
4 My heart like Graſs that feels the Blaſt
of ſome infectious Wind,
Does languiſh ſo with Grief, that ſcarce
my needful Food I mind.

5 By reaſon of my ſad Eſtate,
I ſpend my Breath in Groans;
My Fleſh is worn away, my Skin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting Bones.
6 I'm like a Pelican become
that does in Deſarts mourn:
Or like an Owl that ſits all Day
in hollow Trees forlorn.

7 In Watchings, or in reſtleſs Dreams,
the Night by me is ſpent,
As by thoſe ſolitary Birds
that lonely Roofs frequent.
8 All Day by railing Foes I'm made
the Subject of their Scorn:
Who all poſſeſs'd with furious Rage,
have my Deſtruction ſworn.

9 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,
oppreſs'd with Grief and Fears,
My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er,
my Drink is mixt with Tears.
10 Becauſe on me with double Weight
thy heavy Wrath does lie:
For thou, to make my Fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.

11 My Days juſt haſt'ning to their End,
are like an Ev'ning Shade:
My Beauty does like wither'd Graſs,
with waning Luſtre fade.
12 But thy eternal State O Lord,
no Length of Time ſhall waſte:
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works
from Age to Age ſhall laſt.

13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and *Sion* view
with an unclouded Face:
For now her Time is come, thy own
appointed Day of Grace.
14 Her ſcatter'd Ruins, by thy Saints
with Pity are ſurvey'd:
They grieve to ſee her lofty Spires
in Duſt and Rubbiſh laid.

15, 16 The Name and Glory of the Lord
all heathen Kings shall fear:
When he shall *Sion* build again,
and in full State appear.
17, 18 When he regards the Poor's Request,
nor slights their earnest Pray'r:
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
shall his just Praise declare.

19 For God, from his Abode on high,
his gracious Beams display'd:
The Lord from Heav'n his lofty Throne
has all the Earth survey'd.
20 He listen'd to the Captives Moans,
he heard their mournful Cry;
And freed, by his resistless Pow'r,
the Wretches doom'd to die.

21 That they in *Sion*, where he dwells,
might celebrate his Fame;
And thro' the holy City sing
loud Praises to his Name,
22 When all the Tribes assembling there
their solemn Vows address;
And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Consent,
the Lord their God confess.

23 But e'er my Race is run, my Strength
thro' his fierce Wrath decays,
He has, when all my Wishes bloom'd,
cut short my hopeful Days.
24 Lord, end not thou my Life, said I,
when half is scarcely past;
Thy Years from worldly Changes free,
to endless Ages last.

25 The strong Foundations of the Earth
of old by thee were laid,
Thy hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
with wond'rous Skill have made.
26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
they soon shall pass away,
And like a Garment often worn,
shall tarnish and decay.

Like that when thou ordain'st their Change,
to thy Command they bend;
But thou continu'st still the same,
nor have thy Years an End.
28 Thou to the Children of thy Saints
shalt lasting Quiet give,
Whose happy Race, securely fixt,
shall in thy Presence live.

Psalm

Psalm CIII.

1, 2 MY Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,
God's holy Name for ever bless:
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
and still thy grateful Thanks express.

3, 4 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,
and after Sickness makes thee sound:
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
by him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

5, 6 He with good Things my Mouth supplies,
thy Vigour, Eagle-like, renews:
He, when the guiltless Suff'rer cries,
his Foe with just Revenge pursues.

7 God made of old his righteous Ways
to *Moses* and our Fathers known:
His Works to his eternal Praise,
were to the Sons of *Israel* shown.

8 The Lord abounds with tender Love,
and unexampled Acts of Grace;
His waken'd Wrath doth slowly move,
his willing Mercy flows apace.

9, 10 God will not always hardly chide,
but with his Anger quickly parts;
And loves his Punishment to guide
more by his Love than our Desert.

11 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends,
above this little Spot of Clay:
So much his boundless Love transcends
the small Respects that we can pay.

12, 13 As far as 'tis from East to West,
so far he has our Sins remov'd;
Who with a Father's tender Breast,
becomes us fear him always lov'd.

14, 15 For God, who all our Frame surveys,
considers that we are but Clay:
How fresh soe'er we seem, our Days
like Grass or Flowers, must fade away.

16, 17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden Blasts,
nor can we find their former place;
God's faithful Mercy ever lasts
to those that fear him, and their Race.

18 This shall attend on such as still
proceed in his appointed way,
And who not only know his will,
but to it just Obedience pay.

19, 20 The Lord, the universal King,
in Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne:
To him, ye Angels, praises sing,
in whose great Strength his Pow'r is shown.

21 Ye that his juſt Commands obey,
and hear and do his ſacred Will;
Ye hoſts of his this Tribute pay,
who fulfil what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry Creature joyntly bleſs
the mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks expreſs,
and in this Conſort bear thy part.

Pſalm CIV.

1 BLeſs God, my Soul, thou, Lord, alone,
poſſeſſeſt Empires without Bounds:
With honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
eternal Majeſty ſurrounds.
2 With Light thou doſt thy ſelf enrobe,
and Glory from a Garment take:
Heav'n's Curtain ſtretch beyond the Globe,
the Canopy of State to make.
3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms
his Palace-Chambers in the Skies:
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
the ſwift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as Flame, as ſwift as Wind
his Miniſters Heav'n's Palace fill.
To have their ſundry Tasks aſſign'd,
all proud to ſerve their Sov'reign's will.
5, 6 Earth on her Center fix'd he ſet,
her Face with Waters overſpread;
Not proudeſt Mountains dar'd as yet
to lift above the Waves their head.
7 But when thy awful Face appear'd,
th' inſulting Waves diſpers'd, they fled
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
and by their haſte confeſs'd their Dread.
8 Thence up by ſecret Tracts they creep,
and guſhing from the Mountain's Side,
Thro' Vallies travel to the Deep,
appointed to receive their Tide.
9 There haſt thou fix'd the Ocean's Mounds,
the threat'ning Surges to repel:
That they no more o'erpaſs their Bounds,
nor to a ſecond Deluge ſwell.

PART II.

10 Yet, thence in ſmaller Parties drawn,
the Sea recovers her loſt hills:
And ſtarting Springs from every Lawn,
ſurprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.
11 The Fields tame Beaſts are thither led,
weary with Labour, faint with Drought;

And

And Asses on wild Mountains bred,
have Sense to find these Currents out.

12 There shady Trees from scorching Beams,
yield Shelter to the feather'd throng:
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
return the Tribute of their Song.

13 His Rains from Heav'n parch'd hills recruit,
that soon transmit the liquid Store:
'Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
and Nature's Lap can hold no more.

14 Grass for our Cattle to devour,
he makes the Growth of every Field:
Herbs, for Man's Use, of various Pow'r,
that either Food or Physick yield.

15 With cluster'd Grapes he crowns the Vine
to chear Man's heart oppress'd with Cares:
Gives Oyl that makes his Face to shine,
and Corn that wasted Strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The Trees of God, without the Care
or Art of Man with Sap are fed:
The Mountain-Cedar looks as fair
as those in Royal Gardens bred.

17 Safe in the lofty Cedars Arms
the Wand'rers of the Air may rest:
The hospitable Pine from harms
protects the Stork, her pious Guest.

18 Wild Goats the craggy Rock ascend,
its tow'ring heights their Fortress make;
Whose Cells in Labyrinths extend,
where feebler Creatures Refuge take.

19 The Moon's inconstant Aspect shows
th' appointed Seasons of the Year:
Th' instructed Sun his Duty knows
his Hours to rise and disappear.

20, 21 Darkness he makes the Earth to shrowd,
when Forest Beasts securely stray:
Young Lions roar their wants aloud,
to Providence that sends 'em Prey.

22 They range all Night on Slaughter bent,
'Till summon'd by the rising Morn,
To skulk in Dens with one Consent,
the conscious Ravagers return.

23 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
the Husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
with him returns to his Repose.

24 How various, Lord, thy works are found,
for which thy Wisdom we adore!

The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd,
'till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

PART IV.

25 But still the vast unfathom'd Main
of Wonders a new Scene supplies;
Whose Depths Inhabitants contain
of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.
26 Full freighted Ships from ev'ry Port
There cut their unmolested way:
Leviathan, whom there to sport
Thou mad'st, has Compass there to play.
27 These various Troops of Sea and Land,
In Sense of common Want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy Stores disperse,
Without their Trouble to provide:
Thou op'st thy Hand, the Universe,
The craving World is all supply'd.
29 Thou for a Moment hid'st thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn:
Thou tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race,
Forthwith to Mother-Earth returns.
30 Again thou sent'st thy Spirit forth
T' inspire the Mass with Vital Seed,
Nature's restor'd, and Parent-Earth
Smiles on her new-created Breed.
31 Thus thro' successive Ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thine own hands,
Thou dost the Wastes of Time repair.
32 One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breast with Terror fills,
One Touch from thee, with Clouds of Smoke
In Darkness shrouds the proudest hills.
33 In praising God, while he prolongs
My Breath I will that Breath employ;
34 And join Devotion to my Songs,
Sincere, as is in him my Joy.
35 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul, praise thou the holy Name.
'Till with my Song, thy list'ning World
Join Consort, and his Praise proclaim.

Psalm CV.

1 O Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,
invoke his sacred Name;
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
his matchless Deeds proclaim.

2 Sing

2 Sing to his Praise in lofty Hymns,
his wondrous Works rehearse:
Make them the Theme of your Discourse,
and Subject of your Verse.

3 Rejoyce in his Almighty Name
alone to be ador'd,
And let their heart o'erflow with Joy,
that humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord his saving Strength
devoutly still implore;
And where he's ever present, seek,
his Face for evermore.

5 The Wonders that his hands have wrought
keep thankfully in Mind;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
and Laws to us assign'd.

6 Know ye his Servant *Abraham's* Seed,
and *Jacob's* chosen Race:

7 He's still our God, his Judgments still
thro'out the Earth take place.

8 His Covenant he hath kept in Mind
for numerous Ages past;
Which yet for thousand Ages more,
in equal Force shall last.

9 First sign'd to *Abram*, next by Oath
to *Isaac* made secure;

10 To *Jacob* and his heirs a Law
for ever to endure.

11 That *Canaan's* Land should be their Lot,
when yet but few they were;

12 But few in Number, and those few
all friendless Strangers there.

13 In Pilgrimage from Realm to Realm,
securely they remov'd;

14 Whilst proudest Monarchs for their Sakes
severely he reprov'd.

15 "These mine Anointed are, said he,
"let none thy Servants wrong;
"Nor treat the poorest Prophet ill,
that does to me belong.

16 A Dearth at last by his Command
did thro' the Land prevail,
'Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
sustaining Corn did fail.

17 But his indulgent Providence
had pious *Joseph* sent
Sold into *Egypt*, but their Death,
who sold him, to prevent.

18 His

18 His Feet with heavy Chains were cruſh'd,
with Calumny his Fame,
19 Till God's appointed Time and Word
to his Deliv'rance came.
20 The King his ſov'reign Orders ſent,
and reſcu'd him with Speed;
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
the People's Ruler freed.
21 His Court, Revenues, Realm, were all
ſubjected to his Will,
22 His greateſt Princes to controul,
and teach his Stateſmen Skill.

PART II.

23 To *Egypt* then, invited Gueſts,
half famiſh'd *Iſr'el* came,
And *Jacob* held, by Royal Grant,
the fertile Soil of *Ham*.
24 The Almighty there with ſuch Increaſe
his People multiply'd,
'Till with their proud Oppreſſors they
in Strength and Number vy'd.
25 Their vaſt Increaſe th' *Egyptians* Hearts
with jealous Anger fir'd,
'Till they his Servants to deſtroy
by treach'rous Arts conſpir'd.
26 His Servant *Moſes* then he ſent,
his choſen *Aaron* too,
27 Empower'd with Signs and Miracles,
to prove their Miſſion true.
28 He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came,
Nature his Summons knew;
29 Each Stream and Lake transform to Blood,
the wond'ring Fiſhes ſlew.
30 In putrid Floods throughout the Land
the Peſt of Frogs was bred;
From noiſom Fens ſent up to croak
at *Pharoah's* Board and Bed.
31 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies
came down in cloudy hoſts;
Whilſt Earth's enliven'd Duſt below
bred Lice thro' all their Coaſts.
32 He ſent 'em hail inſtead of Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew;
33 He ſmote their Vines and Foreſt Plants,
and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.
34 He ſpake the word, and Locuſts came,
with Caterpillars join'd;
They prey'd upon the poor Remains
the Storm had left behind.

35 From

35 From Trees to Herbage they descend,
no verdant thing they spare:
But like the naked fallow Field,
leave all the Pastures bare.

36 From Fields to Villages and Towns
commission'd Vengeance flew:
One fatal Stroke their eldest hopes
and Strength of *Egypt* slew.

37 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd
with *Egypt*'s borrow'd Wealth;
And, what transcends all Treasures else,
enrich'd with vig'rous health.

38 *Egypt* rejoyc'd in hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly how to fear worse Ills
by those already prov'd.

39 Their shrouding Canopy by Day,
a journeying Cloud was spread;
A fiery Pillar all the Night
their Desart Marches led.

40 They long'd for Flesh, with Ev'ning Quails
he furnish'd every Tent;
From Heav'n's own Granary, each Morn,
the Bread of Angels sent.

41 He smote the Rock, whose flinty Breast
pour'd with a rushing Tide,
Whose flowing Stream, where-e'er they march'd,
the Desart's Drought supply'd.

42 For still he did on *Abraham*'s Faith,
and ancient League reflect:

43 He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph, his Elect.

44 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes
from *Canaan*'s fertile Soil,
To them in cheap Possession gave
the Fruit of other's Toil.

45 That they his Statutes might observe,
his sacred Laws obey:
For Benefits so fast let us
our Songs of Praise repay.

Psalm CVI.

1 O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love,
Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute of immortal Praise?

3 Happy

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never stray,
Who know what's right, not only so,
But always practise what they know.
4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st, to set them free
Let thy Salvation visit me.
5 O! may I worthy prove to see
Thy Saints in full Prosperity;
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
6 Of Parents vile, the viler Race;
But ah! can we expect such Grace,
Who their Misdeeds have acted o'r,
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score?
7 Ingrateful they no longer thought
On all his Works on *Egypt* wrought;
The Red Sea they no sooner view'd,
But they their base Distrust renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliv'rance came;
To make his sov'reign Power be known,
That he is God and he alone.
9 To right and left, at his Command,
The parting Deep disclos'd her Sand;
Where firm and dry the Passage lay,
As thro' some pasch'd and desart Way.
10 Thus resc'u'd from their Foes they were,
Who closely prest upon their Rear.
11 Whose Rage pursu'd 'em to those Waves,
That prov'd the rash Pursuers Graves.
12 That watry Mountains suddain fall
O'erwhelm'd proud *Pharaoh*'s Host and all.
This Proof did sound *Israel* move,
To own God's Truth, and praise his Love.

PART II.

13 But soon these Wonders they forgot,
And for his Counsel waited not;
14 But lusting in the Wilderness,
Did him with fresh Temptations press.
15 Strong Food at their Request he sent,
But made their Sin their Punishment.
16 Yet still his Saints they did oppose,
The Priest and Prophet whom he chose.
17 But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful Jaws extending wide,
Rash *Dathan* to her Centre drew,
With proud *Abiram*'s factious Crew.

18 The rest of those that did conspire
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all their impious Train, became
A prey to Heav'n's devouring Flame.
19 Near *Horeb*'s Mount, a Calf they made;
And to their molten Image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame,
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his works in *Egypt* wrought:
22 His Signs in *Ham*'s astonish'd Coast, (lost:
And where proud *Pharaoh*'s Troops were
23 Thus urg'd, his 'vengeful hand he rear'd,
But *Moses* to the Breach appear'd,
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
24 And turn'd Heav'n's kindled Wrath away.
Yet they his pleasant Land despis'd,
Nor his repeated promise priz'd:
25 Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey,
But when God said, *Go up*, would stay.
26, 27 This seal'd their Doom without Redress
To perish in the Wilderness:
Or else to be, by Heaven's hands,
O'erthrown, and scatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART III.

28 Yet, unreclaim'd, this stubborn Race,
Baal-Peor's Worship did embrace:
Became his impious Guests, and fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
29 Thus they persisted to provoke
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke:
'Tis come:—the deadly Pest is come
To execute their general Doom.
30 But *Phinehas* fir'd with holy Rage,
(Th' Almighty's Vengeance to asswage)
Did, by two bold Offenders fall,
Th' Atonement make, that ransom'd *All*.
31 As him a heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,
So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd,
To him confirming, and his Race,
The Priesthood he so well did grace.
32 At *Meribah* God's Wrath they mov'd,
Who *Moses* for their Sakes reprov'd:
33 Whose patient Soul they did provoke,
'Till rashly the meek Prophet spoke.
34 Nor when possest of *Canaan*'s Land,
Did they perform their Lord's Command.

Nor

Nor his commission'd Sword employ
The guilty Nations to destroy.

35 Nor only spar'd the Pagan Crew,
But mingling learnt their Vices too:
36 And worship to those Idols paid,
Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.

37, 38 To Devils they did Sacrifice
Their Children, with relentless Eyes,
Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood
Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.

No cheaper Victims would appease
Canaan's remorseless Deities:
No Blood her Idols reconcile,
But that which did the Land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did these savage Cruelties
The harden'd Reprobates suffice.
For after their Hearts Lust they went,
And daily did new Crimes invent.
40 But Sins of such infernal hue,
God's Wrath against his People drew;
'Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhorr'd.

41 He them defenceless did expose
To their insulting heathen Foes:
And made them on the Triumphs wait,
Of those who bore them greatest hate.
42 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd,
Their Lift of Tyrants still increas'd,
'Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vassals of Mankind.

43 Yet when distress'd, they did repent,
His anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
Renew their Sins, and he their Yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd:
45 But did to Mind his Promise bring,
And Mercy's inexhausted Spring.

46 Compassion too he did impart,
Ev'n to their Foes obdurate heart,
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred,
In those who them to Bondage led.
47 Still save us, Lord, and *Israel's* Bands
Together bring from heathen Lands;
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raise,
And ever triumph in thy Praise.

48 Let *Israel's* God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd: Let

Let all his Saints, with full Accord,
Sing loud *Amens*—*Praise ye the Lord.*

Psalm CVII.

1 TO God your grateful Voices raise,
Who does your daily Patron prove:
And let your never-ceasing Praise
attend on his eternal Love.

2, 3 Let those give Thanks whom he from Bands
of proud oppressing Foes releas'd,
And brought them back from distant Lands,
From North and South, and West and East.

4, 5 Thro' lonely Desart Ways they went,
nor could a peopl'd City find,
'Till quite with Thirst and Hunger spent,
their fainting Souls with them were pin'd.

6 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear
did they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear
and freed them from their deep Distress.

7 From crooked Paths he led them forth,
and in the certain Way did guide,
To wealthy Towns of great Resort,
where all their Wants were well supply'd.

8 O then that all the Earth with me
would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty Works which he
thro'-out the wond'ring World displays.

9 For he from Heav'n the sad Estate
of longing Souls with Pity views;
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
his Goodness daily Food renews.

PART II.

10 Some lie, with Darkness compass'd round,
in Death's uncomfortable Shade,
And with unweildy Fetters bound,
by pressing Cares more heavy made:

11, 12 Because God's Council they defy'd,
and lightly priz'd his holy Word,
With these Afflictions they were try'd,
they fell, and none could help afford.

13 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear,
did they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
and freed them from their deep Distress.

14 From dismal Dungeons, dark as Night,
and Shades as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
and welcome Liberty bestow'd.

15 O

15 O then that all the Earth with me,
would God for this his Goodness Praise
And for the mighty Works which he
thro' out the wond'ring World displays.

16 For he with his almighty Hand
the Gates of Brass in Pieces broke;
Nor could the massy Bars withstand,
or temper'd Steel resist his Stroke.

PART III.

17 Remorseless Wretches, void of Sense,
with bold Transgressions God defy;
And for their multiply'd Offence,
oppress with sore Diseases lie.

18 Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,
abhors to taste the choicest Meats,
And they, by faint Degrees, draw near
to Death's inhospitable Gates.

19 Then strait to God's indulgent Ear
do they their mournful Cry address,
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep Distress.

20 He all their sad Distempers heals,
his word both Health and Safety gives;
And when all human Succour fails,
from near Destruction them retrieves.

21 O then, that all the Earth with me,
would God for this his Goodness praise,
And for the mighty works which he
thro'out the wond'ring World displays.

22 With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
whilst they their grateful Thanks express,
And with loud Joy his holy Name,
for all his Acts of wonder, bless.

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in Ships with Courage bold,
o'erswelling Waves their Trade pursue:
Do God's amazing Works behold,
and in the deep his Wonders view.

25 No sooner his Command is past,
but forth a dreadful Tempest flies,
Which sweeps the Sea with rapid haste,
and makes the stormy Billows rise.

26 Sometimes the Ships toss'd up to Heav'n,
on Tops of Mountains Waves appear,
Then down the steep Abyss are driven,
whilst every Soul dissolves with Fear.

27 They reel and stagger to and fro,
like Men with Fumes of Wine oppress:

Nor

Nor do the skilful Seamen know
which way to steer, what Course is best.

28 Then frait to God's indulgent Ear
they do their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep Distress.

29, 30 He does the raging Storm appease,
and make the Billows calm and still:
With Joy they see their Fury cease,
and their intended Course fulfil.

31 O then that all the Earth with me
would God for this his Goodness praise,
And for the mighty works which he
thro'-out the wond'ring World displays!

32 Let them, where all the Tribes resort,
advance to Heav'n his glorious Name;
And in the Elder's sov'reign Court
with one Consent his Praise proclaim.

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's just Revenge, if People sin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
to punish those that dwell therein.

35, 36 The parch'd and desart Heath he makes
to flow with Streams and springing Wells,
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
and in strong Cities safely dwells.

37, 38 He sows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
which gratefully his Toil repay,
Nor can, whilst God his Blessing grants,
his fruitful Seed or Stock decay.

39 But when his Sins Heav'n's wrath provoke,
his Wealth and Substance fade away:
He feels th' Oppressor's galling Yoke,
and is of Grief the wretched prey.

40 The Prince who slights what God commands
expos'd to Scorn, must quit his Throne;
And over wild and desart Lands,
where no Path offers, stray alone.

41 Whilst God, from all afflicting Cares,
sets up the humble Man on high,
And makes in time his num'rous Heirs
with his encreasing Flocks to vie.

42, 43 Then Sinners shall have nought to say,
the Just a decent Joy shall show:
The Wise these strange Events shall weigh,
and thence God's Goodness fully know.

Psalm

Psalm CVIII.

1 O God my Heart is fully bent,
to magnifie thy Name:
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praise,
shall celebrate thy Fame.

2 Awake, my Lute, nor thou my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilst I, with early Hymns of Joy,
prevent the dawning Day.

3 To all the list'ning Tribes O Lord,
thy Wonders I will tell;
And to those Nations sing thy Praise,
that round about us dwell:

4 Because thy Mercy's boundless height
the highest Heav'n transcends,
And far beyond the aspiring Clouds
thy faithful Truth extends.

5 Be thou O God, exalted high
above the starry Frame,
And let the World, with one Consent,
confess thy glorious Name.

6 That all thy chosen People thee
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy right Hand protect me still,
and answer thou my Pray'r.

7 Since God himself hath said the Word,
whose Promise cannot fail,
With Joy I *Shechem* shall divide,
and measure *Succoth*'s Vale.

8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manassah* too,
and *Ephraim* owns my Cause:
Their Strength my Regal Pow'r supports,
and *Judah* gives my Laws.

9 *Moab* I'll make my servile Drudge,
on vanquish'd *Edom* tread;
And thro' the proud *Philistine* Lands
my conqu'ring Banners spread.

10 But whose Support and Aid shall I
their well-fenc'd City gain?
Who will my Troops securely lead
thro' *Edom*'s guarded Plain?

11 Lord wilt thou not assist our Arms,
which late thou didst forsake?
And wilt not thou of these our Hosts,
once more the Guidance take?

12 O to thy Servants in Distress
thy speedy Succour send;
For vain it is on human Aid
for Safety to depend.

13 Then valiant Acts shall we perform,
if thou thy Pow'r d close;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our Foes.

Psalm CIX.

1 O God whose former Mercies make
my constant Praise thy Due,
Hold not thy Peace, but my sad State,
with wonted Favour view.

2 For sinful Men, with lying Lips,
deceitful Speeches frame;
And with their study'd Slanders seek
to wound my spotless Fame.

3 Their restless hatred prompts them still
malicious Lies to spread,
And all against my Life combine,
by causeless Fury led.

4 Those whom with tend'rest Love I us'd,
my chief Oppos rs are;
Whilst I, of oth r Friends bereft,
resort to thee by Pray'r.

5 Since Mischief for the Good I did,
their strange Reward does prove;
And Hatred's the Return they make,
for undissembled Love.

6 Their guilty Leader shall be made
to some ill Man a Slave,
And when he's try'd his mortal Foe
for his Accuser have.

7 His Guilt, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
shall meet a dreadful Fate:
Whilst his rejected Pray'r but serves
his Crimes to aggravate.

8 He, snatch'd by some untimely Fate,
shan't live out half his days;
Another by divine Decree,
shall on his Office seize.

9, 10 His Seed shall Orphans be, his Wife,
a Widow pludg'd in Grief,
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
where none can give Relief.

11 His ill got Riches shall be made
to Usurers a Prey,
The Fruit of all his Toil shall be
by Strangers born away.

12 None shall be found that to his Wants
their Mercy will extend;
Or to his helpless Orphan-Seed
the least Assistance lend.

13 A swift Destruction soon shall seize
on his unhappy Race;
And the next Age his hated Name
shall utterly deface.

14 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins
upon his Head shall fall;
God on his Mother's Crimes shall think,
and punish him for all.

15 All these, in horrid Order rank'd,
before the Lord shall stand;
Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off
their Memory from the Land.

PART II.

16 Because he never Mercy shew'd,
but still the Poor oppress'd;
And sought to slay the helpless Man,
with heavy Woes distress'd:

17 Therefore the Curse he lov'd to vent,
shall his own Portion prove;
And Blessing, which he still abhorr'd,
shall far from him remove.

18 Since he in cursing took such Pride,
like Water it shall spread
Thro' all his Veins, and stick like Oil,
with which his Bones are fed.

19 This, like a poyson'd Robe shall still
his constant cov'ring be:
Or an envenom'd Belt, from which
he never shall be free.

20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those
that Ill to me Design;
That with malicious false Reports,
against my Life combine.

21 But for thy glorious Name, O God,
do thou deliver me:
And for thy gracious Mercy's sake
preserve and set me free.

22 For I, to utmost Straits reduc'd,
am void of all Relief:
My Heart is wounded with Distress,
and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.

23 I, like an Ev'ning Shade, decline,
which vanishes apace:
Like Locust up and down I'm toss'd,
and have no certain place.

24, 25 My Knees with fasting are grown weak,
my Body lank and lean;
All that behold me shake their Heads,
and treat me with disdain.

26, 27 But

26, 27 But for thy Mercy's Sake, O Lord,
do thou my Foes withstand;
That all may see it's thine one Act,
the Work of thy right Hand.

28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless;
let Shame the Portion be
Of all that my Destruction seek,
while I rejoyce in thee.

29 My Foe shall with Disgrace be cloath'd,
and spite of all his Pride,
His own Confusion, like a Cloak,
the guilty Wretch shall hide.

30 But I to God in grateful Thanks,
my chearful Voice will raise,
And where the great Assembly meets,
set forth his noble Praise.

31 For him the Poor shall always find
their sure and constant Friend;
And he shall from unrighteous Dooms
their guiltless Souls defend.

Psalm CX.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
'Till I thy Foes thy Foot-Stool make,
Sit thou in State at my right Hand:

2 Supreme at *Sion* thou shalt be,
And all thy proud Opposers see
subjected to thy just Command.

3 Thee, in thy Power's Triumph Day,
The willing Nations shall obey,
And when thy rising Beams they view,
Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
Appear as numberless and bright
As Chrystal Drops of Morning Dew.

4 The Lord has sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That like *Melchisedeck's*, thy Reign
And Priesthood shall no period know:

5 No proud Competitor to sit
At thy right Hand will he permit,
But in his Wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow.

6 The sentenc'd Heathen he shall slay,
And fill with Carcasses his Way,
'Till he has struck Earth's Tyrant dead.

7 But in the High-way Brook shall first,
Like a poor Pilgrim, slack his Thirst,
And then in Triumph raise his Head.

Psalm CXI.

1 PRaise ye the Lord, our God to Praise,
My Soul her utmost Pow'r shall raise,

With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints his Praise shall be my Song.
2 His Works for Greatness, tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Ease are found
By those that seek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.
3 His Works are all of matchless Fame,
And universal Glory claim:
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages past,
Shall to eternal Ages last.
4 By Precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous works in Mind,
And to Posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.
5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
Has all his Servants wants supply'd;
And he will ever keep in Mind
His Cov'nant with our Fathers sign'd.
6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd,
They saw his matchless Pow'r employ'd,
Whereby the heathen were suppress'd,
And we their Heritage possess'd.
7 Just are the Dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his Commands:
8 By Truth and Equity sustain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
9 He set his Saints from Bondage free,
And thou establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same,
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.
10 Who Wisdom's sacred Prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin:
Immortal Praise, and heav'nly Skill,
Have they who know and do his will.

Psalm CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THat Man is bless'd, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred Law,
2 His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
3 His house the Seat of Wealth shall be,
An inexhausted Treasury:
4 His Justice free from all decay,
Shall Blessings to his heirs convey.
5 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night,
To pity the Distress'd inclin'd
As well as just to all Mankind.

6 His

5 His lib'ral Favours he extends
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs.

6 Beſet with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground:
The ſweet Remembrance of the Juſt,
Shall flouriſh when he ſleep in Duſt.
7 Ill Tydings never can ſurprize
His heart, that fix'd on God relies.
8 On Safety's Rock he ſits and ſees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies.

9 His hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd
His Glory's future harveſt ſow'd;
Whence he ſhall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
10 The wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony,
While their unrighteous hopes decay,
And vaniſh, with themſelves, away.

Pſalm CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record;
2 His ſacred Name for ever bleſs
3 Where-e'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams, or ſetting Rays,
Due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.

4 God thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day,
But Shadows of his Glory are.
5 With him whoſe Majeſty excells,
Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created Power compare.

6 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
In higheſt Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet he to Earth vouchſafes his Care:
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.

7 When childleſs Families deſpair,
He ſends the Bleſſing of an heir,
To reſcue their aſpiring Name,
Makes her that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear;
O then extol his matchleſs Fame!

Pſalm CXIV.

1 WHen *Iſrael*, by th' Almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their Oppreſſor's Spoil)

From *Egypt* march'd, and *Jacob's* Seed
From Bondage in a foreign Soil.
2 *Jehovah* for his Reſidence.
Chooſe out imperial *Judah's* Tent,
His Manſion-Royal, and from thence
Thro' *Iſrael's* Camp his Orders ſent.
3 The diſtant Sea with Terrors ſaw,
And from the Almighty's Preſence fled;
Old *Jordan's* Streams, ſurpriz'd with Awe,
Retreated to their Fountain's head.
4 The taller Mountains ſkipp'd like Rams,
When danger near the Fold they hear;
The hills ſkipp'd after them like Lambs
Affrighted by their Leader's Fear.
5 O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy Bed?
Why *Jordan*, againſt Nature's Law,
Recoil'ſt thou to thy Fountain's head?
6 Why Mountains did ye ſkip like Rams,
When danger does approach the Fold?
Why after you the hills, like Lambs
When they their Leader's Flight behold?
7 Earth, tremble on well may'ſt thou fear;
The Lord and Maker's Face to ſee.
When *Jacob's* awful God draws near,
'Tis time for Earth and Seas to flee.
8 To flee from God, who Nature's Law
Confirms and cancels at his will;
Who Springs from ſtiny Rocks can draw,
And thirſty Vales with Water fill.

Pſalm CXV.

1 LOrd, not to us, we claim no Share,
but to thy ſacred Name.
Give Glory for thy Mercy's Sake,
and Truth's eternal Fame.
2 Why ſhould the heathen cry, where's now
the God whom we adore?
3 Convince 'em that in Heaven thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.
4 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
the works of mortal hands:
5 With ſpeechleſs Mouth and ſightleſs Eyes
the molten Idol ſtands.
6 The Pageant hath both Ears and Noſe,
but neither hears nor ſmells;
7 It's hands and feet nor feel nor move,
no Life within it dwells.
8 Such ſenſeleſs Stocks they are, that we
can nothing like 'em find,

But

But those who on their help rely,
and them for God's design'd.
9 O *Isr'el*, make the Lord your Trust,
who is your Help and Shield,
10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone;
who only help can yield.
11 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
on him they fear rely,
Who them in danger can defend,
and all their wants supply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
and *Isr'el's* house will bless;
Priests, Levites, Proselytes, ev'n all
who his great Name confess.
14 On you, and on your heirs, he will
increase of Blessings bring,
15 Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
of this Almighty King.
16 Heav'n's highest Orb of Glory, he
his Empire's Seat design'd,
And gave his lower Globe of Earth
a Portion to Mankind.
17 They who in Death and Silence sleep,
to him no Praise afford:
18 But we will bless for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

Psalm CXVI.

1 MY Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love
entirely is possess'd,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
the Voice of my Request.
2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will despair,
But still in all the Straits of Life
to him address my Pray'r.
3 With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,
with Pains of hell oppress'd;
When Troubles seiz'd my aking heart,
and Anguish rack'd my Breast.
4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd
and thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beseech thee, save my Soul,
with Sorrows quite dismay'd.
5, 6 How just and merciful is God,
how gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
does timely help afford.
7 Then, free from pensive Cares, my Soul,
resume thy wonted Rest,

For God has wond'rously to shee
his bounteous Love expres'd.

8 When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd
my Dangers and my Fears,
My Feet from falling he secur'd,
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.

9 Therefore my Life's remaining Years
which God to me shall lend,
Will I in Praises to his Name,
and in his Service, spend.

10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him
in greatest Straits did boast,
For in my Flight all hopes of Aid
from faithless Men were lost.

12, 13 Then what Return to him shall I
for all his Goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal
the Cup of Blessing take.

14, 15 I'll pay my Vows among his Saints,
whose Blood (howe'er despis'd
By wicked Men) in God's Account
is always highly priz'd.

16 By various Ties, O Lord, must I
to thy Dominion bow,
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
thy ransom'd Captive now.

17, 18 To thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise,
and whilst I bless thy Name,
The just Performance of my Vows
to all thy Saints proclaim.
They in *Jerusalem* shall meet,
and in thy House shall join
To bless thy Name with one Consent,
and mix their Songs with mine.

Psalm CXVII.

1 WIth chearful Notes let all the Earth
to Heaven their Voices raise:
Let all inspir'd with godly Mirth,
sing solemn Hymns of Praise.

2 God's tender Mercy knows no Bounds,
his Truth shall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing Nations round,
their grateful Tribute pay.

Psalm CXVIII.

1, 2 O Praise the Lord, for he is good,
his Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever last,
let thankful *Isr'el* say.

3, 4 Their

3, 4 Their Sense of his eternal Love
let *Aaron's* House express:
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord confess.

5 To God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppress:
And he releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Request.

6 Since therefore God does on my Side
so graciously appear,
Why should the vain Attempts of Men
possess my Soul with Fear?

7 Since God with those that aid my Cause
vouchsafes my part to take:
To all my Foes, I need not doubt
a just Return to make.

8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greatest human Pow'r
for Safety to depend.

10, 11 Tho' many Nations closely leagu'd,
did oft beset me round:
Yet, by his boundless Power sustain'd,
I did their Strength confound.

12 They swarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
was but a short-liv'd Blaze:
For whilst on God I still rely'd,
I vanquish'd them with Ease.

13 When all united press'd me hard,
in hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my Part,
and sav'd me from them all.

14 The honour of my strange Escape
To him alone belongs:
He is my Saviour, and my Strength,
he only claims my Song.

15 Joy fills the Dwelling of the Just,
Whom God has sav'd from harm:
For wond'rous Things are brought to pass
by his Almighty Arm.

16 He, by his own resistless Power,
has endless Honour won:
The saving Strength of his Right-hand
amazing works have done.

17 God will not suffer me to fall,
but still prolongs my Days,
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praise.

18 When God had sorely me chastiz'd,
'till quite of hopes bereav'd
His Mercy from the Gates of Death
my fainting Life repriev'd.

19 Then open wide the Temple Gates,
to which the Just repair,
That I may enter in and praise
my great Deliv'rer there.

20, 21 Within those Gates of God's Abode,
to which the Righteous press,
Since thou hast heard and set me safe,
thy holy Name I'll bless.

22, 23 That which the Builders once refus'd
is now the Corner-stone:
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
the Work of God alone.

24, 25 This Day is God's, let all the Land
exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
and make us still rejoice.

26 Him that approaches in God's Name,
let all th' Assembly bless;
" We that belong to God's own House,
" have wish'd you good Success.

27 God is the Lord, thro' whom we all
both Light and Comfort find,
Fast to the Altar's horn, with Cords,
the chosen Victim bind.

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name:
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.

29 O then, with me, give Thanks to God,
who still does gracious prove,
And let the Tribute of our Praise
be endless as his Love.

Psalm CXIX.

ALEPH.

1 HOW blest are they, who always keep
the pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred Paths
of God's Commandments stray!

2 How blest, who to his righteous Laws
have still obedient been,
And have with fervent humble Zeal
his Favours sought to win.

3 Such Men their utmost Caution use
to shun each wicked Deed,

But

But in the Path which he directs
with constant Care proceed.
4 Thou strictly hast enjoyn'd us, Lord,
to learn thy sacred Will,
And all our Diligence employ
thy Statutes to fulfil.
5 O! then, that thy most holy Will
might o'er my ways preside,
And I the Course of all my Life
by thy Directions guide!
6 Then with Assurance should I walk,
from all Confusion free,
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my ways
with thy Commands agree.
7 My upright Heart shall my glad Mouth
with chearful Praises fill,
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I shall have learn't thy will.
8 So to thy sacred Laws shall I
all due Observance pay,
O! then forsake me not, my God,
nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9 How shall the young preserve their ways
from all Pollution free?
By making still their Course of Life
with thy Commands agree.
10 With hearty Zeal for thee I seek,
to thee for Succour pray;
O! suffer not my careless Steps
from thy right Paths to stray.
11 Safe in my Heart, and closely hid,
thy Word, my Treasure, lies,
To succour me with timely Aid,
when sinful Thoughts arise.
12 Secur'd by that my grateful Soul
shall ever bless thy Name:
O! teach me then, by thy just Laws,
my future Life to frame.
13 My Lips, unlock'd by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd,
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
deserve our best Regard.
14 Whilst in the ways of thy Commands
more solid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vast Increase
of envy'd Riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy just and upright Laws
shall always fill my Mind,

And

And thoſe ſound Rules, which thou preſcribſt
all due Reſpect ſhall find.

26 To keep thy Statutes undefac'd,
ſhall be my conſtant Joy;
The ſtrict Remembrance of thy word,
ſhall all my Thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

27 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do thou my Life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
my future time may ſpend.

28 Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous Things which they behold,
who thy juſt Precepts learn.

29 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,
from place to place I ſtray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight
remove not thou away.

30 My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt Longing ſpent,
Whilſt always on the eager Search
of thy juſt will intent.

31 Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud,
whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues:
Since they to walk in thy right ways
preſumptuouſly refuſe.

32 But far from me, do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy ſacred Laws affect
with undiſſembled Love.

33 Tho' Princes oft in Council met,
againſt thy Servant ſpake;
Yet I, thy Statutes to obſerve,
my conſtant Buſ'neſs make.

34 For thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.

DALETH.

35 My Soul, oppreſt with deadly Care,
cloſe to the Earth does cleave:
Revive me Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd Aid receive.

36 To thee ſtill declare my ways,
who didſt incline thine Ear:
O teach me then my future Life
by thy juſt Laws to ſteer,

37 Let

27 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
and by their Guidance walk:
The wond'rous Works which thou haſt done
ſhall be my conſtant Talk.
28 But ſee my Soul within me ſinks,
preſt down with weighty Care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
my waſted Strength repair.
29 Far, far from me be all falſe ways,
and lying Arts remov'd;
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep
the Path by thee reprov'd.
30 Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,
my happy Choice I made:
Thy Judgments as my Rule of Life,
before me always laid.
31 My Care has been to make my Life
with thy Commands agree:
O then preſerve thy Servant, Lord,
from Shame and Ruin free.
32 So in the way of thy Command
ſhall I with pleaſure run.
And with a heart, enlarg'd with Joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

H E.

33 Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord;
thy righteous Paths diſplay:
And I from them, through all my Life,
will never go aſtray.
34 If thou true Wiſdom from above
wilt graciouſly impart
To keep thy perfect Laws I will
devote my zealous heart.
35 Direct me in thy ſacred ways,
to which thy Precepts lead:
Becauſe my chief delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands
incline my willing heart;
Let no deſire of worldly Wealth
from thee my Thoughts divert.
37 From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes,
which this falſe World diſplays:
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength,
to keep thy righteous ways.
38 Confirm the promiſe which thou mad'ſt,
and give thy Servant Aid;
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred Laws
is awfully afraid.

39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
in Mercy Lord, remove:
For all the Judgments thou ordain'st
are full of Grace and Love.
40 Thou know'st how after thy Commands
my longing heart does pant:
O then make haste to raise me up,
and promis'd Succour grant.

VAV.

41 Thy constant Blessing, Lord, bestow,
to chear my drooping heart:
To me, according to thy Word,
thy saving health impart.
42 So shall I, when my Foes upbraid,
this ready Answer make:
" In God I trust, who never will
" his faithful promise break.
43 Then let not quite the Word of Truth
be from my Mouth remov'd
Since still my Ground of stedfast hope
thy just Decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous Laws
with all my Study bend;
From Age to Age, my Time to come
in their Observance spend.
45 E're long I trust to walk at large,
from all Incumbrance free;
Since I resolv'd to make my Life
with thy Commands agree.
46 Thy Laws shall be my constant Talk,
and Princes shall attend,
Whilst I the Justice of thy Ways
With Confidence defend.
47 My longing Heart and ravish'd Soul
shall both o'erflow with Joy;
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
my happy Hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy just Decrees
lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Business then shall be
to study thy Commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd Grace,
thy Favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the Word, on which
thy Servant's hopes depend.
50 That only Comfort in distress
did all my Griefs controul;
Thy word, when Troubles hemm'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting Soul.

51 In-

51 Insulting Foes did proudly mock,
and all my hopes deride;
Yet from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
could make me turn aside.
52 Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
I quickly call'd to mind,
'Till ravish'd with such Thoughts, my Soul
did speedy Comfort find.
53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one
with deadly Horror struck;
To think that all my sinful Foes
have thy just Laws forsook.
54 But I thy Statutes and Decrees
my chearful Anthems made,
Whilst thro' strange Lands, and Desarts wild,
I like a Pilgrim stray'd.
55 Thy Name, that chear'd my Heart by Day,
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night,
I then resolv'd by thy just Laws
to guide my Steps aright.
56 That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
in deep Distress sustain'd,
By strict Obedience to thy Will,
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God my Portion thou
and sure Possession art;
Thy Words I stedfastly resolve
to treasure in my Heart.
58 With all the strength of warm Desire
I did thy Grace implore;
Disclose according to thy Word,
thy Mercy's boundless Store.
59 With due Reflection, and strict Care,
on all my ways I thought,
And so, reclaim'd to thy just Paths,
my wandring Steps I brought.
60 I lost no Time, but made great haste,
resolv'd without Delay,
To watch, that I might never more,
from thy Commandments stray.
61 Tho' num'rous Troops of sinful Men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
have ever kept in Mind.
62 In dead of Night I will arise,
to sing thy solemn Praise,
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.

63 To ſuch as fear thy holy Name
my ſelf I cloſely join
To all who their obedient Wills
to thy Command reſign.
64 O'er all the Earth, thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed;
O make me then exactly learn
thy ſacred Paths to tread.

TETH

65 With me thy Servant, thou haſt dealt
moſt graciouſly, O Lord,
Repeated Benefits beſtow'd,
according to thy Word
66 Teach me the ſacred Skill, by which
right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in Belief of thy Commands
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.
67 Before Affliction ſtopp'd my Courſe,
my Footſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd
thy Precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, ſupreamly good,
and all thou doſt is ſo;
On me, thy Statutes to diſcern,
thy ſaving Skill beſtow.
69 The proud have forg'd malicious Lies
my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain:
But my fix'd Heart, without Reſerve,
thy Precepts ſhall retain.
70 While pamper'd they with proſp'rous Ills,
In ſenſual Pleaſures live,
My Soul can reliſh no Delight
but what thy Precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning Rod;
That I might duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.
72 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds
of more Eſteem I hold,
Than untouch'd Mines, than thouſand Mines
of Silver and of Gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the Workmanſhip
of thy Almighty Hands,
The Heav'nly Underſtanding give
to learn thy juſt Commands.
74 My Preſervation to thy Saints
ſtrong Comfort will afford;
To ſee Succeſs attend my Hopes,
who truſted in thy Word.

75 That

75 That right thy Judgments are, I now
by sure Experience see,
And that in Faithfulness, O Lord,
thou hast afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender Mercy now
afford me needful Aid;
According to thy Promise, Lord,
to me, thy Servant made.
77 To me thy saving Grace restore,
that I again may live;
Whose Soul can relish no Delight
but what thy Precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd,
to ruin me have sought:
Who only on thy sacred Laws
employ my harmless Thought.
79 Let those that fear thy Name, espouse
my Cause and those alone,
Who have by strict and pious Search
thy sacred Precepts known.
80 In thy blest Statutes let my Heart
continue always sound,
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinners Lot,
may never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My Soul with long Expectance faints
to see thy saving Grace;
Yet still on thy unerring Word
my Confidence I place.
82 My very Eyes consume and fail
with waiting for thy Word;
O! when wilt thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford?
83 My Skin like shrivel'd Parchment shows
that long in Smoke is set,
Yet no Affliction me can force
thy Statutes to forget.
84 How many Days must I endure
of Sorrow and Distress?
When wilt thou Judgment execute
on them who me oppress?
85 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
that have no other Foes,
But such as are averse to thee,
And thy just Laws oppose.
86 With sacred Truth's eternal Laws
all thy commands agree,
Men persecute me without Cause,
thou, Lord, my Helper be.

87 With

87 With close Designs against my Life
they had almost prevail'd;
But in Obedience to thy Will
my Duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted Kindness, Lord, restore,
my drooping Heart to chear;
That by thy righteous Statutes I
my Life's whole Course may steer.

LAMED.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou dost remain:
Thy word establish'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs sustain.
90 Thro' circling Ages Lord, thy Truth
immoveable shall stand
As doth the Earth, which thou uphold'st
by thy almighty Hand.
91 All Things the Course by the ordain'd
ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy Will.
92 Unless thy sacred Law had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I must have fainted, and expir'd
in dark Affliction's Night.
93 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts
shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou, by them, hast to new Life
restor'd my dying Heart.
94 As I am thine, intirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from harm;
Who have thy Precepts sought to know,
and carefully perform.
95 The Wicked have their Ambush laid
my guiltless Life to take;
But in the midst of Danger I
thy Word my Study make.
96 I've seen an end of what we call
perfection here below;
But thy Commandments, like thy self,
no Change or Period know.

MEM.

97 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can display;
They with fresh Wonders entertain
my ravish'd Thoughts all Day.
98 Thro' thy Commands I wiser grow
than all my subtile Foes;
For thy sure Word does me direct,
and all my Ways dispose.

99 From me my former Teachers now,
my abler Counsel take;
Because thy sacred Precepts I,
my constant Study make.
100 In Understanding I excel
the Stages of our Days,
Because by thy unerring Rules
I order all my Ways.
101 My Feet with Care, I have refrain'd
from every sinful Way,
That to thy sacred Word I might
intire Obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy Judgments stray'd,
by vain Desires misled;
For, Lord thou hast instructed me
thy righteous paths to tread.
103 How sweet are all thy Works to me!
O what divine Repast!
How much more grateful to my Soul
than Honey to my Taste.
104 Taught by thy sacred Precepts, I
with Heav'nly Skill am blest,
Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin
I utterly detest.

N U N.

105 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
the Way of Truth to show;
A Watch-light to point out the Path
in which I ought to go.
106 I swear, (and from my solemn Oath
will never start aside)
That in thy righteous Judgments I
will stedfastly abide.
107 Since I with Grief am so oppress,
that I can bear no more,
According to thy Word do thou
my fainting Soul restore.
108 Let still my Sacrifice of Praise
with thy Acceptance find:
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing Mind.
109 Tho' ghastly Dangers me surround,
my Soul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual Terror keep,
from thinking on thy Law.
110 My wicked and inveterate Foes
for me their Snares have laid;
Yet I have kept thy upright Path,
nor from thy Precepts stray'd,

111 Thy

111 Thy Teſtimonies I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoyce.
112 My Heart with early Zeal began
thy Statutes to obey,
And 'till my Courſe of Life is done,
ſhall keep thy upright Way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly deteſt,
But to thy Law Affection bear,
too great to be expreſt.
114 My Hiding-Place, my Refuge-Tow'r
and Shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
on thy unerring Word.
115 Hence, ye that trade in Wickedneſs,
approach not my Abode:
For firmly I reſolve to keep
the Precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious Word,
from Danger ſet me free;
Nor make me of thoſe Hopes aſham'd
that I repoſe on thee.
117 Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe,
and reſcu'd from Diſtreſs;
To thy Decrees continually
my juſt Reſpect addreſs.
118 The Wicked thou haſt trod to Earth,
whom from thy Statutes ſtray'd,
Their vile Deceit the juſt Reward
of their own Falſhood made.
119 The Wicked from thy holy Land
thou doſt, like Droſs remove,
I therefore with ſuch Juſtice charm'd,
thy Teſtimonies love.
120 Yet with that Love they make me dread,
leſt I ſhould ſo offend
When on Tranſgreſſions I behold
thy Judgments thus deſcend.

AIN.

121 Judgment and Juſtice I have lov'd;
O therefore Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
to my Oppreſſors Rage.
122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me,
and ſo ſhall this Diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the proud
my guiltleſs Soul oppreſs.

123 My

123 My Eyes alas! begin to fail,
in long Expectance held,
'Till thy Salvation they behold,
and righteous Word fulfill'd.
124 To me thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
thy wonted Grace diſplay,
And diſcipline my willing Heart
thy Statutes to obey.
125 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
thy ſacred Skill beſtow,
That of thy Teſtimonies I
the full Extent may know.
126 'Tis time, high Time for thee, O Lord,
thy Vengeance to employ,
When Men with open Violence
thy ſacred Laws deſtroy.
127 Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
but makes their Value riſe
In my Eſteem, who pureſt Gold,
compar'd with them, deſpiſe.
128 Thy Precepts therefore I account
in all reſpects divine,
They teach me to diſcern the right,
and all falſe Ways decline.

p E

129 The Wonders which thy Laws contain
no Words can repreſent,
Therefore to learn and practice them
my zealous Heart is bent.
130 The very Entrance to thy Word
Cœleſtial Light diſplays:
And knowledge of true Happineſs
to ſimple Minds conveys.
131 With eager Hopes I waiting ſtood,
and fainting with Deſire,
That of thy wiſe Commands I might
the ſacred Skill acquire.
132 With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy Relief implore,
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe
who thy bleſt Name adore.
133 Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
let all my Footſteps be;
Nor Wickedneſs of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.
134 Releaſe intirely ſet me free
from perſecuting Hands,
That unmoleſted, I may learn
and practice thy Commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to ſhine:
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
my Heart with Zeal incline.
136 My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
whence briny Rivers flow,
To ſee Mankind, againſt thy Laws
in bold Defiance go.

TSADE.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may truſt,
And like thy ſelf, thy Judgments, Lord,
in all Reſpects are juſt.
138 Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,
which thou didſt firſt decree:
And all with Faithfulneſs perform'd
ſucceeding times ſhall ſee.

139 With Zeal my Fleſh conſumes away,
my Soul with Anguiſh frets,
To ſee my Foes contemn at once
thy Promiſes and Threats.
140 Yet each neglected word of thine,
(howe'er by them deſpis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy ſake, to low Eſtate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.
142 Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
when time it ſelf is paſt,
Thy Law is Truth it ſelf, that Truth
which ſhall for ever laſt.

143 Tho' Trouble, Anguiſh, Doubts and Dread,
to compaſs me unite,
Beſet with Danger, ſtill I make
thy Precepts my Delight.
144 Eternal, and unerring Rules
thy Teſtimonies give:
Teach me the Wiſdom that will make
my Soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole Heart to God I call'd;
Lord, hear my earneſt cry,
And I thy Statutes to perform,
will all my Care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd;
O ſave me, that I may
Thy Teſtimonies throughly know,
and ſtedfaſtly obey,

147 My

147 My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whose engaging word
my hope alone rely'd.
148 With Zeal have I awak'd before
the Midnight Watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word
might perfect Knowledge get.

149 Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
and wonted Favour shew;
O quicken me, and so approve
thy Judgments ever true.
150 My persecuting Foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw;
What Treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy Law?

151 Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is,
thou, Lord, art yet more near:
Thou, whose Commands are righteous all,
thy Promises sincere.
152 Concerning thy divine Decrees
my Soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their Truth
to endless Ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Consider my Affliction Lord,
and me from Bondage draw;
Think on thy Servant in Distress
who ne'er forgets thy Law.
154 Plead thou my Cause, to that and me
thy timely Aid afford:
With Beams of Mercy quicken me
according to thy word.

155 From hard'ned Sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away:
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them
who from thy Statutes stray.
156 Since great thy tender Mercies are
to all that Thee adore:
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
my fainting Hopes restore.

157 A num'rous Host of spiteful Foes
against my Life combine:
But all too few to force my Soul
thy Statutes to decline.
158 Those bold Transgressors I beheld,
and was with Grief oppress'd,
To see with what audacious Pride,
thy Cov'nant they transgress.

159 Yet

159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,
How I thy Precepts love:
O! therefore quicken me with Beams
of Mercy from Above.
160 As from the Birth of Time thy Truth
has held through Ages past,
So shall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
to endless Ages last.

SCHIN

161 Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cause,
conspire my Blood to shed,
Thy sacred Word has Power alone
to fill my Heart with Dread.
162 And yet that Word my joyful Breast
with heav'nly Rapture warms:
Nor Conquest, nor the Spoils of War,
have such transporting Charms.
163 Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly detest:
But to thy Laws Affection bear,
too vast to be express.
164 Sev'n times a Day, with grateful Voice,
thy Praises I resound,
Because I find thy Judgments all
with Truth and Justice crown'd.
165 Secure, substantial Peace have they,
who truly love thy Law:
No smiling Mischief them can tempt,
nor frowning Danger awe.
166 For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
and tho' so long delay'd,
With chearful Zeal and strictest Care
all thy Commands obey'd.
167 Thy Testimonies I have kept,
and constantly obey'd,
Because the Love I bore to them
the Service easy made.
168 From strict Observance of thy Laws
I never yet withdrew,
Convinc'd that my most secret Ways
are open to thy View.

TAV.

169 To my Request and earnest Cry
attend, O gracious Lord,
Inspire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
according to thy Word.
170 Let my repeated Pray'r at last
before thy Throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
for my Relief draw near.

171 Then

171 Then ſhall my grateful Lips return
the Tribute of their Praiſe,
When thou thy Counſels haſt reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt ways.
172 My Tongue the Praiſes of thy Word
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy Promiſes are all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

173 Let thy almighty Arm appear,
and bring me timely Aid,
For I the Laws thou haſt ordain'd
my heart's free Choice have made.
174 My Soul has waited long to ſee
thy ſaving Grace reſtor'd,
Nor Comfort knew but what thy Laws,
thy heav'nly Laws, afford.

175 Prolong my Life, that I may ſing
my great Reſtorer's Praiſe,
Whoſe Juſtice from the Depth of Woes
my fainting Soul ſhall raiſe.
176 Like ſome loſt Sheep I've ſtray'd, till I
deſpair my way to find,
Thou therefore, Lord thy Servant ſeek,
who keeps thy Laws in Mind.

Pſalm CXX.

1 IN deep Diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To reſcue me oppreſs'd with Wrongs.
2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance ſend,
From lying Lips my Soul defend
And from the Rage of ſland'ring Tongues

3 What little Profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
O thou perfidious Tongue! to thee?
4 Thy Sting upon thy ſelf ſhall turn,
Of laſting Flames that fiercely burn,
The conſtant Fuel thou ſhalt be.

5 But O! how wretch'd is thy Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become
In barren *Meſech*'s deſart Soil:
With *Kedar*'s wicked Tents inclos'd,
To lawleſs Savages expos'd,
Who live on naught but Theft and Spoil;

6 My hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe
Who Peace and Amity oppoſe,
And Pleaſure take in others harms:
7 Sweet Peace is all I court and ſeek;
But when to them of Peace I ſpeak,
They ſtrait cry out *To Arms, to Arms.*

Psalm CXXI.

1 TO *Sion's* Hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting Aid,
2 From *Sion's* hill, and *Sion's* God
who Heav'n and Earth has made.

3 Then thou, my Soul, in Safety rest,
thy Guardian will not sleep;
4 His watchful Care, that *Isr'el* guards,
will *Isr'el's* Monarch keep.

5 Shelter'd beneath th'Almighty's Wings,
thou shalt securely rest,
6 Where neither Sun nor Moon shall thee
by Day or Night molest.

7 From common Accidents of Life,
his Care shall guard thee still:
8 From the blind strokes of Chance, and Foes,
that lie in wait to kill.

9 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,
thy God shall thee defend,
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage,
safe to thy Journey's End.

Psalm CXXII.

1 O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly say,
Up, *Israel*, to the Temple haste,
and keep your Festal Day.

2 At *Salem's* Courts we must appear,
with our assembl'd Pow'rs;
3 In strong and beauteous Order rang'd,
like her united Tow'rs.

4 'Tis thither, by divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name with Praise and Pray'r.

5 Tribunals stand erected there,
where Equity takes place,
Here stands the Courts and Palaces,
of Royal *David's* Race.

6 O pray we then for *Salem's* peace,
for they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy City of our God,
who bear true Love to thee.

7 May Peace within thy sacred Walls
a constant Guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
thy Palaces be crown'd.

8 For my dear Brethren's sake, and Friends
no less than Brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in *Salem's* Tow'rs
a constant Guest appear.

9 But

9 But most of all I'll seek thy Good,
and ever wish thee well;
For *Sion* and the Temple's sake,
where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Psalm CXXIII.

1, 2 ON thee, who dwell'st above the Skies,
For Mercy wait my longing Eyes;
As Servants watch their Master's hands,
And Maids their Mistress's commands.

3, 4 O then have Mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious Aid to us afford;
To us whom cruel Foes oppress,
Grown rich and proud by our Distress.

Psalm CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord (may *Israel* say)
been pleas'd to interpose,
2 Had he not then espous'd our Cause,
when Men against us rose:
3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without Controul,
Their spite and pride's united Floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who rescu'd us that Day;
Nor to their savage Laws gave up
our threaten'd Lives a prey.
7 Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd
from out the Fowler's Net;
The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd,
and we at Freedom set.

8 Secure in his Almighty Name,
our Confidence remains
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
of both sole Monarch reigns.

Psalm CXXV.

1 WHO place on *Sion*'s God their Trust,
like *Sion*'s Rock shall stand;
Like her immoveable be fix'd
by his Almighty Hand.
2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem inclose,
So stands the Lord around his Saints,
to guard them from their Foes.

3 The wicked may afflict the Just,
but ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by Despair to seek
base Means for his Redress.
4 Be good O righteous God, to those
who righteous Deeds affect;
The Heart that Innocence retains,
let Innocence protect.

5 All those who walk in crooked Paths,
the Lord shall soon destroy
Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints
with lasting Peace and Joy.

Psalm CXXVI.

1 WHen *Sion*'s God her Sons recall'd
from long Captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream
of what we wish'd to see.

2 But soon in unaccustom'd Mirth
we did our Voice employ.
And sung our great Restorer's Praise
in thankful hymns of Joy.
Our heathen Foes repining stood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the Work
our God for us had done.

3 'Twas great say they, 'twas wond'rous great,
much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great Things, whereof
we reap the glad Success.

4 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
of *Isr'el's* captive Bands,
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs
to parch'd and thirsty Lands.

5 That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,
may see our Labours thrive,
'Till finish'd with Success, to make
our drooping hearts revive.

6 Tho' he despond that sows his Grain,
yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
the joyful harvest home.

Psalm CXXVII.

1 WE build with fruitless Cost, unless
the Lord the Pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the City keep,
the Watch-man wakes in vain.

2 In vain we rise before the Day,
and late to Rest repair,
Allow no Respite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.
Supplies of Life with Ease to them
he on his Saints bestows;
He crowns their Labours with Success,
their Night with sound Repose.

3 Children, those Comforts of our Life,
are Presents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,
as Piety's Reward.

4 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand
when marching forth to War
Ev'n so the Sons of sprightly Youth,
th ir Parents Safeguard are.
5 Happy the Man, whose Quiver's fill'd
with these prevailing Arms,
He needs not fear to meet his Foe
at Law, or War's Alarms.

Psalm CXXVIII.

1 THE Man is bless'd who fears the Lord,
nor only Worship pays;
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care
to his appointed Ways:
2 He shall upon the sweet Returns
of his own Labour feed;
Without Dependance live, and see
his Wishes all succeed.

3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
her lovely Fruit shall bring;
His Children like young Olive-plants
about his Table spring.
4 Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus
him *Sion*'s God shall bless;
5 And grant him all his Days to see
Jerusalem's Success.

6 He shall live on, 'till Heirs from him
descend with vast Increase:
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous State,
and more in *Isr'el*'s Peace.

Psalm CXXIX.

1 FRom my Youth up, may *Isr'el* say,
they oft have me assail'd,
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plough'd my patient Back
with Furrows deep and long;
4 But our just God has broke their Chains,
and rescu'd us from wrong.

5 Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout
be still the Doom of those,
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,
and *Sion*'s God oppose.
6 Like Corn upon our Houses Tops,
untimely let them fade;
Which too much heat, and want of Root,
has blasted in the Blade:

7 Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves,
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains
to fold it into Sheaves.

8 No Traveller that passes by,
vouchsafes a Minute's Stop.
To give it one kind Look, or crave
Heav'n's Blessing on the Crop.

Psalm CXXX.

1 FRom lowest Depths of Woe,
To God I sent my Cry:
2 Lord hear my supplicating Voice,
and graciously reply.
3 Should'st thou severely judge,
who can the Tryal bear?
4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.

5 My Soul with Patience waits
for thee the living Lord,
My hopes are on thy Promise built,
thy never-failing Word.
6 My longing Eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning Ray,
More duly than the Morning-watch
to spy the dawning Day.

7 Let *Isr'el* trust in God,
no Bounds his Mercy knows,
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
eternal Succour flows.
8 Whose friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey,
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,
and wash our Guilt away.

Psalm CXXXI.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor cast a scornful Eye,
Nor my aspiring Thoughts employ
in things for me too high.
2 With Infant-Innocence, thou know'st
I have my self demean'd,
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe,
that from the Breast is weand.

3 Like me, let *Isr'el* hope in God,
his Aid alone implore,
Both now and ever trust in him
who lives for evermore.

Psalm CXXXII.

1 LET *David*, Lord, a constant place
in thy Remembrance find,
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd
be ever in thy Mind.
2 Remember what a solemn Oath
to thee, his Lord, he swore:

How

How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom *Jacob*'s Sons adore.

3 4 I will not go into my house,
nor to my Bed ascend,
No soft Repose shall close my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend.
5 'Till for the Lord's design'd Abode
I mark the destin'd Ground
'Till I a decent place of Rest
for *Jacob*'s God have found.

6 Th' appointed place with Shouts of Joy,
at *Ephrata* we found,
And made the Woods and neighb'ring Fields,
our glad Applause resound.
7 O with due Rev'rence let us then
to his Abode repair,
And prostrate at his Foot-stool fall'n,
pour out our humble Pray'r.

8 Arise, O Lord and now possess
thy constant place of Rest;
Be that not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Presence blest.
9, 10 O Cloath thou thy Priest with Righteousness,
make thou thy Saints rejoyce,
And for thy Servant *David*'s Sake,
hear thy Anointed's Voice.

11 God sware to *David* in his Truth,
(nor shall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Offspring after thee
upon thy Throne shall reign:
12 And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws submit
Their Children too upon thy Throne
for evermore shall sit.

13, 14 For *Sion* does, in God's Esteem,
all other Seats excel:
His place of everlasting Rest,
where he desires to dwell.
15, 16 Her Store, says he, I will encrease;
her Poor with Plenty bless;
Her Saints shall shout for Joy, her Priests
my saving Health confess.

17 There *David*'s Power shall long remain
in his successive Line,
And my anointed Servant there
shall with fresh Lustre shine.
18 The Faces of his vanquish'd Foes
Confusion shall o'erspread,
Whilst with confirm'd Success, his Crown
shall flourish on his Head.

Psalm CXXXIII.

1 HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be!
how great their Pleaſure prov'd!
Who live like Brethren, and conſent
in Offices of Love!

2 True Love is like that precious Oyl,
which pour'd on *Aaron*'s Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
its coſtly Moiſture ſhed.

3 'Tis like refreſhing Dew, which does
on *Hermon*'s Top diſtil;
Or like the early Drops, that fall
on *Sion*'s fruitful Hill.
For *Sion* is the choſen Seat,
where the Almighty King,
The promis'd Bleſſing has ordain'd,
and Life's eternal Spring.

Psalm CXXXIV.

1 BLeſs God, ye Servants that attend
upon his ſolemn State,
That in his Temple Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rence wait:

2, 3 Within his Houſe lift up your Hands,
and bleſs his holy Name,
From *Sion* bleſs thy *Iſr'el*, Lord,
who Earth and Heav'n didſt frame.

Psalm CXXXV.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with one Conſent,
and magnify his Name,
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praiſe proclaim.

2 Praiſe him all ye that in his Houſe
attend with conſtant Care,
With thoſe that to his utmoſt Courts
with humble Zeal repair.

3 For this our trueſt Int'reſt is,
glad Hymns of Praiſe to ſing;
And with loud Songs to bleſs his Name,
a moſt delightful Thing.

4 For God his own peculiar Choice
the Sons of *Jacob* makes,
And *Iſr'el*'s Off-ſpring for his own
moſt valu'd Treaſure takes.

5 That God is great, we often have
by glad Experience found,
And ſeen how he with wond'rous Pow'r
above all Gods is crown'd.

6 For he with unreſiſted Strength
performs his ſov'reign Will:
In Heav'n, and Earth, and watry Stores,
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.

7 He

7 He raiſes Vapours from the Ground,
which, pois'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at laſt in Show'rs, thro' which
his dreadful Lightnings glare!
8 He from his Store-houſe brings the Winds,
and he, with vengeful Hand,
The firſt-born ſlew of Man and Beaſt,
thro' *Egypt*'s mourning Land.

9 He dreadful Signs and Wonders ſhew'd
thro' ſtubborn *Egypt*'s Coaſts,
Nor *Pharaoh*'s cou'd his Plagues eſcape,
nor all his num'rous Hoſts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various Nations ſmote,
and mighty Kings ſuppreſs'd;
Sihon and *Og*, and all beſides,
who *Canaan*'s Land poſſeſs'd.

12, 13 Their Land upon his choſen Race
he firmly did entail;
For which his Fame ſhall always laſt,
his Praiſe ſhall never fail.
14 For God ſhall ſoon his People's Cauſe
with pitying Eyes ſurvey,
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn
his kindled Rage away.

15 Thoſe Idols, whoſe falſe Worſhip ſpreads
o'er all the Heathen Lands,
And made of Silver and of Gold,
the Work of human Hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious Tongues,
nor ſee with poliſh'd Eyes,
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
no Breath their Mouth ſupplies.

18 As ſenſeleſs as themſelves are they
that all their Skill apply
To make them or, in dangerous Times,
on them for Aid rely.
19 Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God
let grateful *Iſr'el* pay:
Nor let the Prieſts of *Aaron*'s Race
to bleſs the Lord delay.

20 Their Senſe of his unbounded Love
let *Levi*'s houſe expreſs;
And let all thoſe that fear the Lord
his Name for ever bleſs.
21 Let all with Thanks his wondrous Works
in *Sion*'s Courts proclaim,
Let them in *Salem* where he dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

Psalm CXXXVI.

1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat,
To him due Praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

2, 3 To him, whose wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay.
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought:
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to Perfection brought.
For God, &c.

6, 7 He spread the Ocean round
About the spacious Land,
And made the rising Ground
Above the Waters stand.
For God, &c.

8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did display
His num'rous Hosts of Light,
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He struck the First-born dead
Of *Egypt*'s stubborn Land,
And thence his People led
With his resistless Hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging Sea,
As if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle Way
Thro' which his People went.
For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew
Proud *Pharoah* and his host,
Who, daring to pursue,
Were in the Billows lost.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' Deserts vast and wild
He led the chosen Seed:
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20

19, 10 *Sion*, whose potent Hand
Great *Ammon's* Scepter sway'd,
And *Og*, whose stern Command
Rich *Bashan's* Land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands, whom he destroy'd,
He gave to *Isr'el's* Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24 He in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the Food supply
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal Praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

Psalm CXXXVII.

1 WHen we, our weary Limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud *Euphrates* Stream,
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress,
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with Joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful Part to bear,
With silent Strings neglected hung
On Willow-Trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our Foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish Wrongs,
Musick and Mirth of us requir'd
" Come sing us one of *Sion's* Songs.

4 How shall we tune our Voice to sing?
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of Joy to God our King
Be sung by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5 O *Salem*, our once happy Seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove;
Let then my trembling hand forget
the speaking Strings with Art to move.

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
eternal Silence seize my Tongue;
Or if I sing one chearful Ayre,
'till thy Deliverance is my Song.

7 Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* Race,
in thy own City's fatal Day,

Cry'd

Cry'd out, 'Her ſtately Walls deface,
and with the Ground quite level lay.
8 Proud *Babel's* Daughter doom'd to be
of Grief and Woe the wretched Preys
Bleſt is the Man who ſhall to thee
the Wrongs thou lay'ſt on us repay.
9 Thrice bleſt, who with juſt Rage poſſeſt,
and deaf to all the Parents Moans,
Shall ſnatch thy Infants from the Breaſt,
and daſh their Heads againſt the Stones.

Pſalm CXXXVIII.

1 WIth my whole Heart, my God and King,
thy Praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy will ſing,
and bleſs thy holy Name.
2 I'll worſhip at thy ſacred Seat,
and, with thy Love inſpir'd,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.
3 Thou graciouſly inclin'd'ſt thine Ear,
when I to thee did cry;
And when my Soul was preſs'd with Fear,
did'ſt inward Strength ſupply.
4 Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince
thy Name with Praiſe purſue.
Whom theſe admir'd Events convince
that all thy Works are true.
5 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Power confeſs.
6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the Poor reſpect;
The Proud, far off, his ſcornful Eye
beholds with juſt Neglect.
7 Tho' I with Troubles am oppreſs'd,
he ſhall my Foes diſarm,
Relieve my Soul, when moſt diſtreſs'd,
and keep me ſafe from harm.
8 The Lord, whoſe Mercies ever laſt,
ſhall fix my happy State;
And mindful of his Favours paſt,
and his own Works compleat.

Pſalm CXXXIX.

1, 2 THou Lord by ſtricteſt Search haſt known
My riſing up, and lying down;
My ſecret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine Eye my Bed and Path ſurveys,
My publick haunts, and private ways;

4 Thou

4 Thou know'ſt what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet un-utter'd Words intent.

5 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I ſtand,
On every Side I find thy hand.
6 O Skill for human Reach too high!
Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!
7 O could I ſo perfidious be
To think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence ſhun?
Or whither from thy Preſence run?

8 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt, enthron'd in Light:
If down to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
9 If I the Morning Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Weſtern Main,
10 Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

11 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſable Wings of Night
One Glance from Thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.
12 The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes;
Thro' midnight Shades thou find'ſt thy Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

13 Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins, and ev'ry Vital part,
Each ſingle Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By thee was cover'd in the Womb.
14 I'll praiſe thee, from whoſe Hands I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders thou in me haſt ſhown,
My Soul with grateful Joy muſt own.

15 Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay:
In ſecret how exactly wrought,
E'er from its dark Encloſure brought.
16 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embryo ſee,
Its Parts are regiſter'd by thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18 Far ſooner cou'd I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean Store:
Each Morn reviſing what I've done,
I find th' Account but new begun.

19 The

19 The Wicked thou shalt slay, O God!
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood.
20 Whose Tongues Heav'ns Majesty prophane,
And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious Crew,
Who thee with Enmity pursue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppress,
When Reprobates thy Laws transgress?
22 Who practise Enmity to thee,
Shall utmost Hatred have from me:
Such Men I utterly detest,
As if they were my Foes profest.
23, 24 Search, try O God, my Thoughts and Heart,
If Mischief lurks in any Part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in the perfect Way.

Psalm CXL.

1 PReserve me, Lord, from crafty Foe
of treacherous Intent;
2 And from the Sons of Violence,
on open Mischief bent.
3 Their sland'ring Tongue the Serpent's Sting
in Sharpness do's exceed,
Between their Lips the Gall of Asps,
and Adders Venom breed.
4 Preserve me Lord from wicked hands,
nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
who have my Ruin sworn.
5 The proud for me have laid their Snare,
and spread their wily Net,
With Traps and Gins where-e'r I move
I find my Steps beset.
6 But thus environ'd with Distress,
thou art my God, I said,
Lord hear my supplicating Voice,
that calls to thee for Aid.
7 O Lord the God whose saving Strength
kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head
In Battel's doubtful Day.
8 Permit not their unjust Designs
to answer their Desire,
Lest they, encourag'd by Success,
to bolder Crimes aspire.
9 Let first their Chiefs the sad Effects
of their Injustice mourn,
The Blast of their envenom'd Breath
upon themselves return.
10 Let them, who kindled first the Flame,
its Sacrifice become; The

The Pit they digg'd for me be made
their own untimely Tomb.
11 Tho' Slander's Breath may raise a Storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent swell,
that bears themselves away.
12 God will assert the poor Man's Cause,
and speedy Succour give:
The Just shall celebrate his Praise,
and in his Presence live.

Psalm CXLI.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,
O haste to my Relief:
And with accustom'd Piety hear
the Accents of my Grief.
2 Instead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r
like Morning Incense rise,
My lifted Hands supply the Place,
of Ev'ning Sacrifice.
3 From hasty Language curb my Tongue,
and let a constant Guard
Still keep the Portal of my Lips
with wary Silence barr'd.
4 From wicked Men's Designs and Deeds
my heart and hands restrain,
Nor let me in the Booty share
of their unrighteous Gain.
5 Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I shall think 'em kind;
Like Balm, that heals a wounded Head,
I their Reproof shall find.
And, in Return, my fervent Pray'r
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to sore Distress.
6 When sculking in *Engiddi's* Rock,
I to their Chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful Word I spoke,
when I had Pow'r to kill.
7 Yet as they persecute to Death,
our scatter'd Ruins lie,
As thick as from the Hewer's Ax
the sever'd Splinters fly.
8 But, Lord to thee I still direct
my supplicating Eyes;
O leave not destitute my Soul,
whose Trust on thee relies.
9 Do thou preserve me from the Snares
that wicked Hands have laid.
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
while my Escape is made.

Psalm

Psalm CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful Voice
in deep Distress I pray'd,
2 Made him the Umpire of my Cause,
my Wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didst my Steps direct
when my griev'd Soul despair'd;
For where I thought to walk secure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.
4 I look'd, but found no Friend
to own me in Distress;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd
his Pity or Redress.
5 To God at last I pray'd
thou, Lord my Refuge art,
My Portion in the Land of Life,
'till Life it self depart.
6 Reduc'd to greatest Straits,
to Thee I make my Moan;
O! save me from oppressing Foes,
for me too pow'rful grown.
7 That I may praise thy Name,
my Soul from Prison bring;
Whilst of thy kind Regard to me
assembled Saints shall sing.

Psalm CXLIII.

1 LOrd, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth
a gracious Answer send.
2 Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring
thy Servant to be try'd,
For in thy sight no living Man
can e'er be justify'd.
3 The spiteful Foe pursues my Life,
whose Comforts all are fled,
He drives me into Caves as dark
as Mansions of the Dead.
4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and sinks within my Breast;
My mournful Heart grows desolate,
with heavy Woes oppress'd.
5 I call to mind the Days of old
and Wonders thou hast wrought:
My former Dangers and Escapes
employ my musing Thought.
6 To thee my hands in humble Pray'r
I fervently stretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreshment thirsts,
like Land oppress'd with Drought.

7 Hear

7 Hear me with Speed; my Spirit fails;
thy Face no longer hide:
Left I become forlorn like them
that in the Grave reside.
8 Thy Kindneſs early let me hear,
whoſe Truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I ſhould go,
my Soul to thee aſcends.
9 Do thou, O Lord from all my Foes
preſerve and ſet me free;
A ſafe Retreat againſt their Rage,
my Soul implores from thee.
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
inſtruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
my Soul in thy right Way.
11 O! for the ſake of thy great Name,
revive my drooping Heart:
For thy Truth's ſake to me diſtreſs'd
thy promis'd Aid impart.
12 In Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
reduce my Foes to Shame;
Slay them that perſecute a Soul
devoted to thy Name.

Pſalm CXLIV.

1 FOR ever bleſs'd be God the Lord,
Who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength and Skill afford,
To wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2 His Goodneſs is my Fort and Tow'r,
My ſtrong Deliv'rance and my Shield,
In him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
Makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.
3 Lord, what's in Man that thou ſhouldſt love
Of him ſuch tender Care to take?
What in his Offspring cou'd thee move
Such great Account of him to make?
4 The Life of Man does quickly fade;
His Thoughts but empty are and vain:
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.
5 In ſolemn State, O God, deſcend,
Whilſt Heav'n its lofty Head inclines:
The ſmoaking Hills aſunder rend,
Of thy Approach the awful Signs.
6 Diſcharge thy dreadful Lightnings round,
And make my ſcatter'd Foes retreat:
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
And their Deſtruction ſoon compleat.
7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
Thy boundleſs Pow'r my Foes to quell:

And

And ſnatch me from the ſtormy Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain:
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

9 So I to thee, O King of Kings,
In new made Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe,
And Inſtruments of various Strings
Shall help me thus to ſing thy Praiſe!

10 "God does to Kings his Aid afford,
"To them his ſure Salvation ſends:
"'Tis he that from the murd'ring Sword
"His Servant *David* ſtill defends.

11 Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain:
Who tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

12 Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow
Well planted in ſome fruitful Place:
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
Deſign'd ſome Royal Court to grace.

13 Our Garners, fill'd with various Store,
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed.
Our Sheep, increaſing more and more,
Shall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.

14 Strong ſhall our lab'ring Oxen grow,
Nor in their conſtant Labour faint:
Whilſt we no War nor Slav'ry know,
And in our Streets hear no Complaint.

15 Thrice happy is that People's Caſe,
Whoſe various Bleſſings thus abound,
Who God's true Worſhip ſtill embrace,
And are with his Protection crown'd.

Pſalm CXLV.

1, 2 THEE I will bleſs, my God and King,
thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim,
This Tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bleſs thy Name.

3 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,
and highly to be praiſ'd;
Thy Majeſty, with boundleſs height,
above our Knowledge raiſ'd.

Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends,

4 From Age to Age thy glorious Name
ſucceſſively deſcends.

5, 6 Whilſt I thy Glory and Renown,
and wond'rous Works expreſs,
The World with me thy Might ſhall own,
and thy great Pow'r confeſs.

7 The

7 The Praiſe that to thy Love belongs,
they ſhall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
ſhall be the conſtant Theme.
8 The Lord is good, freſh Acts of Grace
his Pity ſtill ſupplies;
His Anger moves with ſloweſt Pace;
his willing Mercy flies.
9, 10 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
to all thy Works expreſs'd;
Theſe ſhew thy Praiſe whilſt thy great Name
is by thy Servants bleſs'd.
11 They, with the glorious Proſpect fir'd,
ſhall of thy Kingdom ſpeak;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty Subject make.
12 God's glorious Works, of ancient Date,
ſhall thus to all be known,
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State
with publick Splendor ſhown.
13 His ſtedfaſt Throne, from Changes free,
ſhall ſtand for ever faſt:
His boundleſs Sway no End ſhall ſee,
but Time itſelf out-laſt.

PART II.

14 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall,
and makes the proſtrate riſe;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food ſupplies.
16 Whate'er their various Wants require,
with open hand he gives,
And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire
of every Thing that lives.
17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how juſt!
how righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt,
for his Aſſiſtance prays!
19 He grants the full Deſires of thoſe
who him with Fear adore,
And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe,
when they his Aid implore.
20 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with Care,
whom grateful Love employs,
But Sinners, who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage deſtroys.
21 My Time to come, in Praiſes ſpent,
ſhall ſtill advance his Fame.
And all Mankind, with one Conſent,
for ever bleſs his Name.

Pſalm CXLVI.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my Soul,
for ever bleſs his Name:

His

His wond'rous Love while Life shall last,
my constant Praise shall claim.

3 On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous Times,
nor timely help apply

4 Depriv'd of Breath, to Dust they turn,
and there neglected lie;
And all their Thoughts and vain Designs
together with them die.

5 Then happy he who *Jacob*'s God
for his Protector takes;
Who still with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
his constant Refuge makes.

6 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast Truth,
nor make his Promise vain.

7 The poor oppress'd, from all their Wrongs,
are eas'd by his Decree;
He gives the hungry needful Food,
and sets the Prisoners free.

8 By him the Blind receive their Sight,
the weak and fall'n he rears:
With kind Regard and tender Love
he for the Righteous cares.

9 The Strangers he preserves from harm,
the Orphans kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men defeats.

10 The God, that doth in *Sion* dwell,
is our eternal King:
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
let all his Praises sing.

Psalm CXLVII.

1 O Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
to Praise his holy Name.

2 His holy City God will build,
tho' levell'd with the Ground;
Bring back his People tho' dispers'd
thro' all the Nations round.

3, 4 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their Wounds does close;
He tells the Number of the Stars,
their several Names he knows.

5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wisdom has no Bound;
The Meek he raises, and throws down
the Wicked to the Ground.

7 To

7 To God the Lord a Hymn of Praiſe
with grateful Voices ſing;
To Songs of Triumph tune the harp,
and ſtrike each warbling String.
He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreſhing Rain beſtows,
Thro' him on Mountain-Tops the Graſs
with wond'rous Plenty grows.

9 He ſavage Beaſt that looſely range,
with timely Food ſupplies;
He feeds the Raven's tender Brood,
and ſtops their hungry Cries.

10 He values not the warlike Steed,
but does his Strength diſdain,
The nimble Foot that ſwiftly runs,
no Prize from him can gain.

11 But he to him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends,
To him that on his boundleſs Grace
with ſtedfaſt Hope depends.

12, 13 Let *Sion* and *Jeruſalem*
to God their Praiſe addreſs,
Who fenc'd their Gates with maſſy Bars,
and does their Children bleſs.

14 15 Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace,
with fineſt Wheat they're fed,
He ſpeaks the Word and what he wills
is done as ſoon as ſaid.

16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
deſcend at his Command,
And hoary Froſt, like Aſhes ſpread,
is ſcatter'd o'er the Land.

17 When, join'd to theſe he does his hail
in little Morſels break,
Who can againſt his piercing Cold
ſecure Defences make?

18 He ſends his Word, which melts the Ice,
he makes the Winds to blow,
And ſoon the Streams congeal'd before,
In plenteous Currents flow.

19 By him his Statutes and Decrees
to *Jacob's* Sons were ſhown,
And ſtill to *Iſrael's* choſen Seed
his righteous Laws are known.

20 No other Nation this can boaſt,
nor did he e'er afford
To heathen Lands his Oracles,
and Knowledge of his Word. *Hallelujah.*

Pſalm CXLVIII.

1, 2 YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame:

His

His Praiſe your Song employ
Above the ſtarry Frame:
Your Voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To ſing his Praiſe.

3. 4 Thou Moon, that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun that guid'ſt the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay:
His Praiſe declare
Ye Heavens above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

5. 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And Praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word
They all from Nothing came:
And all ſhall laſt
From Changes free:
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8 Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praiſe him ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh that thro' the Sea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring Scales.
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10 By Hills and Mountains all,
In grateful Conſort join'd;
By Cedars ſtately tall,
And Trees for fruit deſign'd:
By ev'ry Beaſt,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be bleſt.

11, 12 Let all of Royal Birth,
With thoſe of humble Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim.
In this Deſign
Let Youth with Maids,
And hoary heads
With Children join.

13 United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Pow'r obey:

His

His glorious Sway
The Sky transcends.

14 His chosen Saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours *Israel*'s Race,
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful Voice,
And still rejoyce
The Lord to Praise!

Psalm CXLIX.

1, 2 O Praise ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice,
His Praise in the great
Assembly to sing;
In our great Creator
let *Israel* rejoyce.
And Children of *Sion*
be glad in their King.

3, 4 Let them his great Name
extol in the Dance:
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praises express;
Who always takes Pleasure
his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation
the humble to bless.

5, 6 With Glory adorn'd,
his People shall sing
To God, who their Beds
with Safety does shield:
Their Mouths fill'd with Praises
of him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged Sword
their right hand shall wield,

7, 8 Just Vengeance to take
for Injuries past.
To punish those Lands
for Ruin design'd;
With Chains as their Captives,
to tie their Kings fast,
With Fetters of Iron
their Nobles to bind.

9 Thus shall they make good,
when them they destroy,
The dreadful Decree
which God does proclaim:
Such honour and Triumph
his Saints shall enjoy
O therefore for ever
exalt his great Name!

Psalm

Psalm CI.

1 O Praise the Lord in this bless'd Place,
From whence his Goodness largely flows;
Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face
Unveil'd, in perfect Glory shows.
2 Praise him for all the mighty Acts
Which he in our behalf has done:
His Kindness this Return exacts,
With which our Praise should equal run.
3 Let the shrill Trumpets warlike Voice
Make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound:
Praise him with Harps melodious Noise,
And gentle Psalt'ry's Silver Sound.
4 Let Virgin-Troops, fair Timbrels bring,
And some with graceful Motion dance,
Let Instruments of various Strings,
With Organs join'd, his Praise advance.
5 Let them who joyful Hymns compose,
To Cymbals set their Songs of Praise:
Cymbals of common Use and those
That loudly sound on solemn Days.
6 Let all their vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath he does to them afford,
In just Returns of Praise employ;
Let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Be Glory; as in Ages past,
the God whom we adore, As now it is, and so shall last,
Be Glory; as it was is now, when Time it self must be
and shall be evermore. no more.

As Psalm 25.

To God, the Father, Son, Eternal Three in One,
and Spirit, Glory, be All Worship be addrest:
As 'twas and is, and shall be As heretofore
to all Eternity. It was is now,
As the 100 Psalm. (Ghost, And shall be so
To Father, Son, and Holy For evermore.
The God whom Earth and *As Psalm. 148.*
Heav'n adore, By Angels in Heav'n
Be Glory; as it was of Old, of ev'ry Degree,
is now, and shall be ever- And Saints upon Earth,
more. all Praise be addrest,
As Ps. 37. and last part of the 113th Psalm-Tunes To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd.
To Father, Son, and H. G. As it has been, now is,
The God whom Heav'n and always shall be,
Triumphant Host (adore,
And suffering Saints on Earth *FINIS.*

2 JU 53